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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**American Derby On August 28
At Washington Park Is
Last Of Rich Series**

In advance of the race for the Classic Stakes, run at Washington Park, Chicago, last Saturday, it did not look "worth the money".

The gross value of the event, which was endowed with \$50,000 added, was over \$70,000, of which the winner's share net was \$53,450. It being the last but one of the extremely rich prizes for 3-year-olds that the season provides.

Only the American Derby, which will be run at Washington Park on August 28, and also carries an added-money value of \$50,000, yet remains of the annual series.

Aside from it there will be nothing more substantial than the Travers, run next month at Belmont Park (whither the entire Saratoga meeting has been transferred, it being a feature of that program), and the Realization, to be run at the regular fall meeting at Belmont, late in September.

While famous races, both of them, the Travers does not net the winner as much as \$20,000, while the Realization in its last renewal of 1942 brought the winner, Alsab, but \$7,900.

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Genesee Valley Farmer Solves A Knotty Problem

By Esther Taylor

What would you do if you had a foal by Flares out of a mare that had produced winners, and had to choose between keeping this mare and foal or getting back a Thoroughbred hunter mare that you had raised and sold as a youngster? But wait, I haven't told you yet, why the hunter mare is desirable. She is out of a mare Prunelle, Thoroughbred by Eyebrow out of Zeroma, who in seventeen years produced 14 foals, all but one good enough to win championships at the Genesee Valley Breeders' Show. There was always a buyer for a colt by Prunelle at a price that meant profit. That was why you kept on selling her fillies always expecting to keep the next one and then last year Prunelle had to be destroyed at the ripe old age of twenty-three. This daughter of Prunelle

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Lexington Draws Top Horses From Twenty-one States

**Hunter Championship Stake
Taken By W. J. Tarrant's
Model Mare, Just So**

July 14, 17

It's a logical inference that the largest horse show in the United States would be the top ranker in the world today. Undoubtedly, the Lexington Junior League Show in Lexington, Kentucky, will get the honors for 1943. From a very dubious start, of unpredictable foresight and leary hope, the show this year was the largest they have ever produced. The pick of the crop were shipped in from twenty-one states, filling every class to capacity, and giving the judges as difficult a task as they ever hope to meet.

In the realm of irregularity, the show broke away from tradition, by having a lady ringmaster, which caused unnecessary ballyhoo from the press, who wanted to launch the first woman ringmaster in history on her energetic career. Man shortage produced the need for such, and Miss Stoney Walton took the helm.

The ever present gasoline problem was somehow absorbed in the case of a horse show in Kentucky. Every time the gates were opened the people flocked in to break the records of the previous years' receipts. Fortunately, the threatening heavens were considerate until the last night

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Catwood First In Hunter Classes At Colorado Springs

**Miss Jeanne Sinclair's Big
Chestnut Outstanding In
Junior League Show**

By Hildegarde Neil

On July 17th and 18th, the Colorado Springs Junior League held a very successful horse show on lovely Cheyenne Mountain Country Club Polo Field. The ring was set at the east end of the field in front of the Clubhouse, with two outside courses of jumps extending down the field. Although the majority of classes were for hunters and jumpers, classes for children, hacks, stock horses, driving horses, pairs and teams, varied the two-day program. All classes were well filled, but the largest number of entries were to be found in hunter classes.

Officials for the event, included Captain P. D. Widmer and Major William Eggert, judges, and Major James Donovan and Lt. Col. Henry Leonard, announcers. Col. R. S. Waring of San Angelo, Texas, who is a well known visitor in the Springs, was here with Col. C. A. Wilkerson, army polo player, and judged the Stock Horse Class.

Miss Jeanne Sinclair's Catwood was top winner in the show, taking the blue ribbon in the Ladies' Hunters, the Open Hunters, the Hunt Teams and the Officer's Chargers, and second in the Corinthian, the 3

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Steeplechasing

By Spectator

**Upsets Featured In Opening
'Chases At Belmont Park;
Attendance Good**

Favored with perfect racing weather, the Saratoga Association's thirty-day meeting, traditionally held at the up-State spa, began at Belmont on Monday before a large and enthusiastic crowd. Under a recent ruling from the ODT, the railroad spur directly into the track was open, and this played no small part in swelling the attendance to almost 18,000.

The Weldship Steeplechase resulted in a mild upset when Montpelier's Bavarian, the favorite, driving to the last fence, and challenging Rokeby Stables' Bank Note, a scarce 2 lengths in the lead, fell, leaving the latter to go on and win easily, after Royal Archer, nearest in contention, was bothered by the prostrate Bavarian. The third horse, Winged Hoofs finished a bad 3rd some 15 lengths back.

After several false starts, the field broke well and raced around the turn and by the stands the first time well bunched, with *Free State 2nd and Royal Archer on equal terms in front by a length or two over Bank Note and Winged Hoofs. Kennebunk, *Frederic 2nd and Bavarian completed the field in that order. Going

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Finn McCool And Silver Horn Are Winners At York

By J. Robert McCullough

On July 3rd the fourth annual York Horse Show was held at Haines Park in York, Penna. Due to a misunderstanding a report was not submitted for The Chronicle and so with humble apologies we submit it now since the show was too good to overlook.

Of the seventeen classes on the card, nine of them were for hunters and jumpers. Some really fine examples of hunters were to be seen with perhaps J. T. Duffy's Irish bred Finn McCool and C. L. Creswell's Silver Horn as the most outstanding. Mr. Duffy's Irishman stands 18 hands and is one of the few really big horses we have seen that is sound and has good conformation. Silver Horn came from Mrs. Greenhalgh's Springsbury Farm in Berryville and she is good looking and an excellent

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THE YEARLING SALES

It is a nice thought that the yearling sales this year are to be spread around for the convenience of breeders, buyers and also to conform with the War Effort of gasoline saving.

We are equally interested in furthering these sales to the utmost—Kentucky is so well taken care of by their own excellent publications on the Thoroughbred that we are naturally prone to give more information about those offerings that have been bred in the eastern areas. This we have done through the competent and painstaking services of our own readers, who know of what they speak when it comes to looking good horses over. The reports will be published during the month of August for the enlightenment of those who are prospective buyers.

At this time, perhaps the evidence of the breadth of our general cover-

age and interest, is shown this week. Commercial announcements of two of the greatest establishments of Virginia—selling at Meadow Brook, another commercial greeting from the big tracks of Illinois to the breeders of Kentucky—a report from Fasig-Tipton of what stables have actually listed their yearlings for sale at Meadow Brook and a general report by us on the whole SALES. Our feeling toward the Thoroughbred is that he is the greatest of all horses, that these yearlings typify what the best breeders are able to accomplish and our coverage must therefore be complete.

With this in mind, we have taken steps to obtain information about the yearlings from competent horse judges, who have been good enough to make the rounds in behalf of the

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Hunting Notes:-



Rombout Carries On

By Harry Worcester Smith

For the sake of Sport in America
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

As a memorial to his grand heavy-weight hunter, Alfred, Berol had asked the followers of the Rombout to an Elk dinner for which he supplied the piece d' resistance in the shape of a grand hindquarter of a young elk which he had shot not long before in Wyoming, and being promptly frozen, had come East in perfect order.

I wandered out over the Berkshires, stopped the night at Rombout, went down to New York for a couple of days, and promised that I would oversee the cooking and provide the horseradish sauce for a party of 30 or 40 who would gather about after the hunt at Homer's cottage to enjoy the elk feast.

Fresh horseradish is not so easy to get, and the Middleton Park, Mullingar, Ireland, recipe which the wife of Mr. Arthur Boyd Rochfort, V. C., had written out for me showed the word "fresh" double underlined. So I just picked up the New York telephone business directory, looked up Condiments, found Horseradish, and the next morning was up near the East River and was gratified indeed to run against a splendid type of Jew whose whole business was grinding horseradish roots.

I told him what I wanted, and he said, "Wait a few minutes, Sir, and I will grind a quart for you from those roots there, which I will wash as clean as pearls and you will have no trouble after carrying it in my jar in finding it fresh as milk for the feast."

Then I motored down to the Washington Market to pick up an 8 or 10 pound striped bass for the Saturday night dinner before the hunting breakfast, a pint of thick cream, some green and some red peppers, a few cans of Underwood's Black Bean Soup, some coffee that was coffee, then I thought: There must be someone here among these butchers who knows about cooking Big game. And on inquiry found there was a certain market man who made a specialty of selling "Wild Things".

I went to his booth and talked with him, and he led me on most delightfully. I explained about the elk hindquarter. He told me it should be soaked for three hours, allowed to simmer for two hours, then slowly roasted for three or four more, according to the weight, and to be regularly basted with plenty of salt pork around to make a grand basting fat mixed with the blood of the elk.

"But", and then he looked me square in the eye, "I have sold buffalo, bear meat, moose meat, the loins from the stag, 15 and 18 pound coons, and all sorts of wild animals, but let me tell you the best thing to do is to buy a grand baron of beef, cook it properly, and serve that to your guests, for then they will really have something good to eat."

That certainly was discouraging, but I had faith in the Wyoming elk and in my friend, the Master of the Eagle Pencil Company, and by five o'clock was back at Rombout again; to learn that O'Malley Knott, Joe Dixon and one or two others were expected for the Saturday night dinner, and that very evening, Friday, we were to motor over to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ryan at Rhinebeck and meet Mr. and Mrs. Beyrl Markham of Cobham, Virginia, she being the first woman who had ever flown from the European Coast to the American Continent.

We motored over and had a grand night, and I fear that I made myself very obnoxious, for when the fish came on I looked at it just once and refused it, and then the roast beef came and it was so hard one could only indent it with a knife, so I passed that up, but did enjoy the grand Idaho potatoes and butter. At the end we had a grand deep dish, home made juicy pie from apples grown on the place, served with thick cream which made up the the early failure courses.

Allan had been watching me out of the corner of his eye and after dinner I explained my apparent lack of appetite by saying: "You can't get fish in Rheinbeck fit to eat, and you can't order dinner at 7:30 and drink cocktails until 8:15 and expect that your roast will be rare." This he had to acknowledge, and then I added: "If you will come over to Rombout tomorrow night I will cook a dinner for your party but you have got to be on time to the minute."

They all came. We had six or eight. The black bean soup with sliced hard boiled egg and lemon was perfection. Then on came the baked striped bass which I carved, for there is as much art in separating the good eatable portions of the fish as there is in dissecting a turkey or a duck. It was well stuffed and I served about a pound to each person and before it left the platter side it was covered with cream sauce with a touch of grated cheese, a few flakes of dried onion, a big dash of paprika, a tablespoon of red pepper

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Learn About Horses (With Due Apologies To Kipling.)

FOREWORD:—This poem was written by Herb McSpadden of Oolagah, Oklahoma, who is a nephew of the late Will Rogers. He is well known to all the country down there—they all run to expression in verse or prose. Thanks to Colonel Marlon Voorhes we are privileged to have this. Editor.

Oh I've ridden my mounts where
I found them,
I've drifted through parts of the
West,
Never had my picking of horses
Tho' some bunches were of the
best;
But I rode what they cut to the
drifter,
And hours before the sun rose,
I'd settle my tack
On that hump on their back
And I learned about horses from
those.

I always had a love for good horses
And I'd watch other boys with
their mounts;
The way they were bitted and
handled,
It's the hands of the rider that
counts;
I learned there was something to
breeding,
Just try and forget all the rest
If you entertain fancies
Don't take any chances
But constantly breed to the best.

My first stud I got in a horse
trade
The standard saddler's the thing,
I thought he would sire me some
geldings
That would speak for themselves

in the ring;
But his services spelt only failure,
A Breeder's mistake if you please
For the colts that he got
Were not any too hot
And I learned about horses from
these.

The next stud I got from Jim
Minnick,
A quarter horse breeder of note;
I wanted to raise me some ponies
That would run like a scared
antelope,
I had more success in this mating
The result you will see by their
brand,
You'll be looking for years
For those little squirrel ears
And I mounted a rodeo hand.

My next stallion came from the
Remount,
With papers as long as your arm;
His ancestry came of the gentry,
As asset to any stud farm,
His worth had been proved in long
races,
'Twas not a light passing whim,
If his papers were true
He was bred in the blue
And I learned about horses from
him.

There's only one sort now to look
for,
And that is the outstanding one,
The more we see of the others,
The more we still look for that
one;
It is watching the work of a
master
At the end of a soft cotton rope,
And I handle with care
As he tends to my mare
And I'm mounting a General. I
hope.

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NO GAS SHORTAGE can stop you from following THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS



EACH MONTH IN
JUDGE
THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF HUMOR AND SATIRE

Founded 1881

The paper shortage prevents us having our newsstand distribution as wide as we would like so subscribe today,—3 years \$3 AND SAVE 80% (15c an issue on newsstands).

Forget John L. Lewis strikes, Jesse Jones, surtaxes, for an evening—You'll feel like a horse let out on grass.

Rombout Carries On

Continued from Page Two

squares, accompanied by plenty of fresh cut green pepper, making a sauce fit for the gods.

We finished with Camabert cheese, hot toasted hard crackers and butter with small cups of black coffee.

It isn't the number of courses at a dinner, it is the perfection of the courses and Allan and his sweet wife were frank to acknowledge that the Rombout kitchen had made good.

We were all up by six o'clock the next morning, and I shall always remember how, with our wrappers over our pajamas, Joe Dixon, O'Malley and I looked out of the east window of the dining room of the cottage, getting a lovely view of the frosted brown grass beyond the Wappingers River which meanders down within five yards of the cottage and whose waters tinkle among the stones so that when you sleep on the gallery in the summer they lull you to slumber. There we were, enjoying the opening of the winter's day.

We certainly missed Bill Schermerhorn who had been Homer's hunting partner for years and lived with him at the cottage till a few months ago when he married and then following John Hays' (grandfather of John Hay Whitney) words about, "He saw his duty, a dead sure thing, and he went for it there and then", he enlisted.

For the early morning breakfast, each one takes a hand in the cooking and no hunting men ever started out better nourished than those from the Rombout cottage.

These war days have shown the real sportsmen. Here was Homer, living alone at the cottage, not only cooking his own meals, and caring for his own two hunters but looking after and feeding fifteen couple of fox hounds and picking up their yard. BUT, what hounds they are. Look at the grand picture by Carl Klein and try to pick out a bad hound. All as attractively colored as any English pack, and far easier to see on the broad Dutchess County pastures than the heavy, black saddle marked Belvoir hounds. Note the hound on the extreme left, about perfection. Scan the lot. They are as alike as peas. No snipey muzzles. No wide-set elbows. No wonder Homer on his faithful gray, fit and lean as a varmint is proud of his pack. Others appreciate them for at the Masters of Foxhounds Show in New York a few years ago, a Rombout bitch was given the prize for the best American hound in the show and at a recent Westminster Kennel Club Exhibition, Rombout Rambler, by Millbrook Jester, handled by Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, wife of the joint Master of the Rombout, won the Best-of-Breed, bringing additional honors to The Millbrook-Rombout strain.

The Meet was at the Kennels at 10:00 A. M., and there were no vans, all followed the pack to the first draw at Cleveland Swamp from where they drew cover after cover for three hours without hardly a whimper. Then Jack Melville viewed the fox far away at Vales Cover, hounds were put on in a twinkling and then they had a grand chase for an hour and twenty-two minutes with all kinds of Rombout walls and fences and in the last twenty minutes three big natural gates which held up a goodly number. At one of these Mary Pilliod of Vassar came to grief but was all right in a few days. A number of other Vassar girls were out, including Elizabeth Putnam, Joan Haas, Ann Rubicam, Louise Grosvenor, Sheila Creery, Miss McCreery, Dorothy Wall, accompanied by Dr. McCreery. From The Fairfield and Westchester came Mr. and Mrs. William Brainard, Peggy Sherwood, that keen foxhunter and perfect little equestrienne Libby Hyland and of the Rombout members there was steadfast ex-Master Glenn Folger, Joe Dixon, O'Malley Knott, the joint Master Allan Ryan, the indefatigable Mrs. Schwartz, Mr. Alfred Berol and Joseph Hale, all fond of following the spotted Rombout hounds. It was cold AND THEN SOME, and I was glad it was my office to help cook the elk and arrange the dinner so that when the foxhunters came in famished as we expected about one o'clock we could make them content. Mrs. Berol aided me in every way and Homer had been able to get a good colored wench from Poughkeepsie to help in the kitchen.

We followed out the advice of the butcher in the Washington Market and never stopped basting the elk quarter until it was as brown and well crusted as a rack of mutton. Now and then I pierced it to the bone with a long, narrow knife so it did not get overdone and only took it out of the oven when it was just perfection, and ran the basting liquor off into a pitcher to use for gravy. While the quarter was cooking we experimented with the horseradish sauce and with just enough thick cream, a touch of Worcestershire, a spoonful of Kraft's grated cheese and enough paprika from India to give it a red tinge and then we were both willing to put our hall mark on it.

We had about three gallons of Creole gumbo soup with a lump of butter with some green pepper squares floating on it setting on the stove. Boiled, skinned potatoes, piping hot and just waiting for drawn butter to be poured over them with some trails of parsley. For the last course we had fresh pineapple, sliced, sugared and iced all night and good hard-bitten American cheese, saltine crackers and coffee. We were all set by one o'clock but no one turned up. Two was just as bad. And the reason was that just then they were having the run of their lives and at last for the first time in the day were warm. About two-thirty a few came in and at three o'clock we loaded the table down, keeping the soup warm and serving it from pitchers. I carved the elk with great trepidation but thank God it was a success. I wish I could have given a good slice to my friend at the Washington Market because even he would have expressed his approval. They kept me busy, carving and helping for fully an hour, then someone remarked "Mr. Smith, you had better save some for there are six or eight people out yet, held up on account of Miss Pilliod's fall. This I did and about four-thirty these considerate people came in. By that time the strong coffee, the good Scotch and soda, together with the savory food began to take effect and all were jolly and gay.

With pride Mrs. Berol and I looked on. There were about eight on the sofa which seated six. Every chair was doing double duty. Even the stairways were crowded and the rugs held a fair load of Vassar girls, whose sparkling eyes, red cheeks and happy words showed how much they appreciated the opportunity they had to come to a college where they could ride astride, wear boots and breeches and follow a pack like the Rombout with Homer Gray.

NYDRIE STUD**Esmont, Virginia****YEARLINGS**

To Be Sold At

Meadow Brook, Long Island**September 21-23, 1943****Chestnut Colt**by **STIMULUS—HELOISE**, by **FRIAR ROCK**.

Brother to stakes winners Dinner Date and Sgt. Byrne; half-brother to stakes winners Tintagel and Francesco and to Boy Knight, top yearling of 1942 sales and a recent winner.

Chestnut Coltby **POMPEY—PARCO**, by ***OMAR KHAYYAM**.

Half-brother to stakes winners Parscout and winners Texas Tommy, Parwrack and Polo Bar (17 wins), etc.

Bay Coltby **TINTAGAL—ENSIGNS UP**, by **GALLANT SIR**.

Out of a winner at two and three. This is a first foal.

Bay Fillyby **POMPEY—GALLANT LADY**, by ***SIR GALLAHAD III**.

Half-sister to Picket (second to Occupation in Arlington Futurity), Deil, Happy Home and Bay Salute and full sister to Pompey's Folly, etc. etc.

Bay Fillyby ***SIR GALLAHAD III—PEGGY BYRNE**, by **STIMULUS**.

Out of a full sister to the stakes winners Sgt. Byrne and Dinner Date and half-sister to Tintagel.

Bay Fillyby **STIMULUS—*HIGHLAND DELL**, by **CRAIG AN ERIN**.

Sister to Highland Queen, a winner, and half-sister to stakes winner White Tie and winner Coltman. Out of a daughter of Glorvina, winner of the Ascot Gold Vase, etc.

Bay Fillyby **JOHNSTOWN—MELODIANA**, by **GALLANT FOX**.

Half-sister to winner String Band and two-year-old winner Ankylos. Melodiana won at three and is half-sister to stakes winner Croon.

Bay Fillyby **POMPEY—BROAD RIPPLE**, by **STIMULUS**.

Sister to the recent winner Great Ripple. Broad Ripple is a winner of the Empire City Demoiselle Stakes, Bolton Landing, Fordham Handicaps, etc.

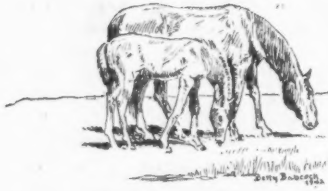
Bay Fillyby **JOHNSTOWN—DURZES**, by ***DURBAR II**.

Half-sister to winner Durwrack and out of a daughter of the great mare Embroidery.

Chestnut Fillyby **OMAH—MORNING**, by **AMERICAN FLAG**.

Half-sister to Good Morning, leading filly of 1942, and Rise Above It. Out of a winner and half-sister to the stakes winner Split Second.

Horsemen's News-



Stakes Winners

Arlington Park's Classic Stakes, one of the richest stakes for 3-year-olds, was won Saturday, July 24 by W. E. Boeing's **Slide Rule**, winner of 3 previous fixtures and 3rd in the Kentucky Derby. The son of **Snark—King's Idyll**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III**, won his initial 1943 outing at Jamaica in a handicap and in 3 meetings with **Count Fleet**, had finished 5th, 3rd and 2nd in that order. The absence of the outstanding 3-year-old to date, in the Classic, deprived **Slide Rule** of a 4th meeting but left him in a field with 7 good ones, with H. P. Headley's **Askmenow** being the lone filly entry.

J. Marsch, owner of last week's Arlington Futurity winner, was represented in the Classic by **Occupation** who has been called "The 1942 Futurity specialist" by The Morning Telegraph. **Occupation** assumed an early lead but was headed at once by Mill River Stable's **Chop Chop**, recent winner of the Empire City Handicap and carrying top-weight of 123 pounds. Into the stretch **Slide Rule** took command as **Chop Chop** dropped back in 2nd position, followed by Brookmeade Stable's **Bourmont**, a graduate from the maiden ranks at the current Arlington meeting. **Slide Rule** retained his lead to win by 1 length as **Bourmont** placed by 4 lengths ahead of **Chop Chop**. **Askmenow** was 4th by a neck over Greentree Stable's **Famous Victory**.

T. H. Heard, Jr.'s "bargain horse", **Boysy**, winner of the inaugural running of the Quaker City Handicap last year, was out to make it 2 straight at Garden State Park on Saturday but lost to J. M. Roebbling's home-bred **Lochinvar** by a head. Only 4 went to the post and in show position at the finish was H. M. Babylon's **Abbe Pierre** by 8 lengths over Mrs. R. Feinberg's **Firebrook**.

Empire City's closing day feature was the Yonkers Handicap, \$10,000 added, was a repeat performance in many ways. It was 2 straight in the Yonkers for Belair Stud's **Apache**, 4-year-old son of imp. **Alcazar—Flying Song**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III**; 3 straight for Belair Stud, Jockey J. Stout and trainer J. Fitzsimmons, **Foxbrough** having won in 1941; and **Apache** became the 3rd horse to win the event twice. In 1917-18 **Spur** was the winner and **Sickle T.** in 1939-40. **Apache's** share of the purse this year was \$8,350, \$200 over last year's but he was clocked in the slower time of 1.44 3-5.

Summaries

Saturday, July 24

Yonkers Handicap, Empire City, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Purse, \$10,000 added; net value to winner, \$8,350; 2nd: \$2,000; 3rd: \$1,000; 4th: \$500. Winner: Br. c. (4) by imp. **Alcazar—Flying Song**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III**. Trainer: J. Fitzsimmons. Time: 1.44 3-5.

1. **Apache**, (Belair Stud), 128, J. Stout.
2. **Dit**, (A. Hanger), 106, W. Mehrtens.
3. **The Rhymer**, (Greentree Stable), 113, C. McCreary.

Six started; also ran (order of finish): **W. Hells' Salto**, 106, C. Giv-

Springsbury Farm

I have just finished writing my estimate of the two fillies which are to go to Meadow Brook from this establishment not so far from our office where I sit and pound. I shall reserve it till the proper time, but I do want to tell of some things I saw there which are interesting to any horseman. The matter of **My Prince** came up—and everyone knows of his phenomenal success over the water—so I was shown a daughter—imp. **Glass Princess**—I guess I shall have her at the back of my head for many days—she just has everything—including an **Annapolis** baby colt at foot. She has a huge shoulder, rib spread, heart room, quarters, hocks and knees way down—substantial, pleasing, useful during 'chasing and afterwards in breeding days—that is imp. **Glass Princess**—a man has to meet his ideal once in a while.

Then I saw a little Welsh mare with a foal at foot by imp. **Bowdler Bright Light**, which harmed me none—she had a yearling in the stall across the way that will grow on to be a nice cob when fully arrived.

Then I saw a stout **Time Maker—Port Rush** bay colt that will carry all kinds of weight when he grows up—a yearling now. Took a look at **Portmaker** on the way out too—the mare has him for the 6th of her contributions to the establishment. The young chap will grow on and be a bigger fellow than his older brother. But if you are down that way, go look see the bay mare—ask to see imp. **Glass Princess** and see if I am getting old and foolish—I don't believe you will be sorry to have spent the time.—D. L. H.

ens; Mrs. E. D. Jacobs' **Halle**, 106, H. Lindberg; Belair Stud's **Trierarch**, 102, C. Erickson. Won cleverly by 4; place driving by 1; show same by 1½. Scratched: **Soldier Song**, **Kingfisher**, **Bill Sickle**.

Quaker City Handicap, Garden State Park, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,150; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: B. c. (4) by **Case Ace—Quivera**, by Display. Trainer: A. Schuttlinger. Time: 1.45 3-5.

1. **Lochinvar**, (J. M. Roebbling), 109, T. Atkinson.
3. **Boysy**, (T. H. Heard, Jr.), 114, J. Cavens.
3. **Abbe Pierre**, (H. M. Babylon), 115, R. Sisto.

Four started; also ran: Mrs. R. Feinberg's **Firebrook**, 109, D. Seoca. Won driving by a head; place driving by a nose; show same by 8. Scratched: **Trierarch**, **Flaught**, **Halle**.

Classic Stakes, Arlington Park, 1¼ mi., 3-yr.-olds. Purse, \$50,000 added; net value to winner, \$53,450; 2nd: \$10,000; 3rd: \$5,000; 4th: \$2,500. Winner: Dk. ch. c by **Snark—King's Idyll**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III**. Trainer: C. Wilhelm. Time: 2.04 3-5.

1. **Slide Rule**, (W. E. Boeing), 120, F. Zufelt.
2. **Bourmont**, (Brookmeade Stable), 117, M. Peters.
3. **Chop Chop**, (Mill River Stable), 123, J. Longden.

Eight started; also ran (order of finish): H. P. Headley's **Askmenow**, 115, C. Bierman; Greentree Stable's **Famous Victory**, 117, G. Woolf; H. P. Headley's **All Hoss**, 117, N. Jemas; J. Marsch's **Occupation**, 120, L. Whiting; **Dixiana's Amber Light**, 120, J. Adams. Won driving by 1; place driving by 4; show same by 5. Scratched: **Burnt Cork**.

Noteworthy Series

Right here in our office we are happy to be able to sit up and cock our heads a bit,—for the home country is putting on a series of shows where those who go, whether to compete or be spectators (perhaps with an eye open for a prospect) can surely see the best of this hunter-growing country in action. Starting with the Bath County Show at Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 28, then Warrenton Sept. 6 and on to Pimlico Fri., Sat. Sept. 10-11—these three events are well worth working on the "best in the stable" for—they will decide just where the top show horses are this season, as far as this section is concerned.

These people who do the hard work, know what it is to circumnavigate difficulties before they get through. We wish them all the best of luck as their reward; and to the exhibitors, for them we are happy

Canadians Retire

Comes a clipping from the Calgary Herald. The substance of it being that **Scotsman**, an 18-year-old chestnut gelding, was retiring from a brilliant career in open jumping and high jumping in the western part of Canada besides a few excursions into the east and over the border—even going to New York. Owner L. E. Bell made his decision after the old chap had had an accident in a truck which left him not sound, whereas up to then he had been as right as a bell of brass.

This is recorded because of the fact that owner Bell retired **Scotsman** to his J. Bar J. Ranch at Bragg Creek—where the owner will also reside—after their total ages of 82 they will live a life of peace—a nice way to go out of the show ring picture.

that they will get to work with their choicest.



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INSPECTION AT THE FARM INVITED UP TO
SEPTEMBER 15th.

Lexington Show

Continued from Page One

when the rains descended putting thousands of bystanders in an awkward, drenched condition. Thus the Saturday evening performance had to be postponed until Sunday afternoon when all was cleared for a most enthusiastic, admitted-free crowd.

As always the harness, pony, three and five gaited horses were of great beauty and attraction but the hunter and jumper classes hit the fancy of most on-lookers. The Model Hunter was taken by a lovely looking brown mare, **Just So**, by Last Revelle—Admiration, owned by W. J. Tarrant, of Norwood Park, Illinois; 2nd was a horse long known in this section of the country for his outstanding quality and working ability, **Demopolis**, bay gelding, owned by Miss Lucy Kaufman of Indianapolis, Indiana, 3rd was **Best Le Sou**, a chestnut gelding owned by Mrs. J. B. Stokely of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Ladies Hunter class presented excellent quality and sharp competition. The horses were sent over a course consisting of a brush, chicken coop, Aiken, and a slanting fence; all were 3' 6". Mrs. Stokely's **Best Le Sou** won this class. 2nd was **Baragua**, a 6-year-old gelding by **War Whoop**—Talk, a colt taken off the track last year, and introduced to

Colorado Springs

Continued from Page One

Way Class for driving, riding and jumping, the Side Saddle class, and the Pair Class. This nice big chestnut gelding showed both the good manners and smooth performance required for a ladies' hunter, and had the strong way of going and good size needed for an officer's charger. Other high winners included Mrs. George T. Mills' good brown mare, **Ducky Dawn**, Fred M. Lege's green hunter **Sweep Up**, and his more well known jumper, **Fire Chief**, Walter P. Paepcke's **First Whip**, Mrs. David E. Howe's **Flo**, and Miss Hildegard Neill's **Blackout**. Hugh Bennett's three entries in the Stock Horse Class placed first, second and third in a class of 6 horses. Outstanding in the group of younger riders were Miss Malitha Miller, Miss Paula Paepcke and Miss Betty Walhour, and it is encouraging to note these three girls are entering the adult hunter classes as well as the children's classes. Miss Miller hunts regularly with the Arapahoe, and Miss Paepcke last year, whipped in to her father's pack of hounds on their Perry Park Ranch in Larkspur.

The army was well represented and added a great interest to the show, although heavy work and lack of time prevented them from giving as smooth performances as it was evident they were capable of. We are most appreciative to them for joining us, and helping make the show such a success.

jumping exactly three weeks prior to the show, he is owned by Miss Babs Tomlinson of Lexington, Ky. and was ridden by Miss Stoney Walton. 3rd was **Just So**, owned by Mr. Tarrant. The Green Hunter class was taken by **Sunset Road**, a 4-year-old gelding, owned by Miss Mary Ellen Willis, ridden by Dr. Bonham; 2nd was **Baragua**, the Virginia bred colt mentioned previously.

On an inside course, made in the ring, were the jumping classes. Winning the Open Jumping Class at 5 feet, was **The Tempest**, owned and ridden by Miss Jane Clapper, 2nd was **Hi-De-Ho**, owned by Mr. J. L. Swain of Norwood Park, Illinois; 3rd, **Jay-A-Don**, owned by St. Jayne of Norwood Park, Illinois; 4th, **Royal Oak**, owned and ridden by Edward Lohman, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Handy Hunter Class was taken by the well mannered horse, **Bar Baffling**, owned by O. J. Sawin. This horse made a good reputation for himself in Cincinnati a couple of weeks ago and has continued it; 2nd **Demopolis**, the smooth jumping horse of Miss Lucy Kaufman of Indianapolis; 3rd, the young colt, **Sunset Road**, owned by Miss Willis, and ridden by Dr. Bonham.

The Qualified Hunters made a nice jumping show of themselves but could not be much of a joy to hunt. The majority of them were jumpers and not hunters and to anyone that hunts they certainly know the difference. This class was taken by **Play-Inver**, owned by Mr. Tarrant of Norwood Park, Illinois; 2nd, **Best Le Sou**, owned and ridden by Mrs. Stokely; 3rd, **Just So**, also owned by Mr. Tarrant.

The Hunter Championship Stake of \$250 was taken by a good doing horse, **Just So**, 2nd, Miss Kaufman's **Demopolis**, 3rd, Mr. Tarrant's **Play-Inver**, 4th, **Sunset Road**, owned by Miss Willis of Indianapolis.

The \$500 Jumper Stake was easily captured by **Hileaha**, owned by Mr. St. Jayne of Norwood Park, Illinois;

Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

around the turn, **Bank Note**, under a heavy ride from Emmett Roberts, moved up and as the field moved into the backstretch, took the lead, but Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's **Royal Archer** tenaciously hung on in 2nd place, in fact, actually took the lead for a few strides going down the backstretch. Not finding the hard going to his liking, ***Free State 2nd** began to drop back, as **Bavarian** and ***Frederic 2nd**, began to close some ground, but the latter got no further than the 9th fence where he came a-cropper, giving John Harrison a nasty fall, and a broken collar bone. Going into the far turn, the race developed into a three-sided contest, with **Bank Note** in the lead by a length and a half, **Royal Archer** in 2nd place, but giving a little ground, and **Bavarian** in third place, and gaining with every stride. As these three took the next to the last jump, **Bavarian** moved into 2nd place, but as they straightened out in the stretch, **Bank Note** still continued his lead by a little more than daylight. Jumping the last fence well, he was probably the best horse in today's race, although **Bavarian** was a strong contender when he went down. **Royal Archer** was a well beaten horse at this point, and finished within 3 lengths of **Bank Note**, only by virtue of the fact that the winner was not pressed in the run to the finish line. ***Free State 2nd** fell at the 11th jump, and **Winged Hoofs** merely had to stay on his feet to finish 3rd. He showed little of the early speed which have marked his other races, and did not jump very well. The only other horse to finish, **Kennebunk**, made a bad landing at the 4th jump, and showed little after that.

The Jimmy Lane Steeplechase on Tuesday again brought an upset when R. V. N. Gambrill's **Parma** came from far back, and closing with a powerful rush, nipped Montpelier's **Caddie** in the last 5 yards. Seven went to the post in this race and it proved an exciting one from beginning to end. ***L'Odeon**, a former hurdle champion in Ireland, and now running in the colors of Dock Stable, **Caddie** and **National Anthem** were away fastest, but before the field hit the turn, ***L'Odeon**, a horse with tremendous speed, and **National Anthem** opened up a lead of 5 or 6 lengths. **Caddie** and **Epindel** came next several lengths in front of **Simoon** and **Cupid**, with **Parma** bringing up the field. However, the fast pace proved the undoing of **National Anthem**. Usually the safest of fencers, he spilled Jockey Cruz at the front field liverpool. As the field moved round the clubhouse turn, **Caddie** and **Simoon** began to close ground on the pacemaker, with **Cupid** not far off. **Parma**, always a slow beginner, trailed the leaders at this point by 15 or 20 lengths, and as the field moved into the backstretch, the race began to shape up as a four-horse affair with ***L'Odeon**, **Caddie**, **Simoon** and **Cupid** racing on even terms, lengths in front of **Epindel** and **Parma**. At the 8th fence, ***L'Odeon** bobbled, and despite Jockey Newton's best efforts, he finally came off midway to the next jump.

2nd was **Sunset Road**, 3rd, **Hi-De-Ho**, owned and ridden by Mr. Edward Lohman; 4th, **The Tempest**, owned and ridden by Miss Jane Clapper.

All Hunter and Jumper classes were judged by Mr. W. J. Cunningham of Bixby, Oklahoma. (Summaries on file).

At the 9th jump, the three leaders still raced as a team, but a bobble cost **Caddie** a few lengths. Gamely closing he was again up to the leaders at the 10th jump. At this fence **Simoon** bobbled and began to drop back, leaving **Caddie** and **Cupid** to battle it out neck and neck going around the far turn and into the stretch. At the last jump, **Cupid** finally had enough, but it had been such an absorbing duel between these two, that few people noticed the red and black silks of R. V. N. Gambrill until the last few seconds. Then coming on under a powerful drive from the ten-pound jockey, Dr. Marzani, **Parma** literally ran over the tiring **Caddie**. An audible sound of unbelieving surprise ran through the stands, and there were plenty of "ohs" heard when the price of forty-seven dollars was flashed on the mutual board. **Cupid** ran a game race and finished third, 5 or 6 lengths in front of **Simoon**, who just nosed out **Epindel** for 4th.

The new hurdle course at Belmont will be used for the first time on Wednesday when 7 horses are scheduled to go to the post. Designed and constructed under the supervision of Morris Dixon, the course has 10 hurdles at the mile and a half distance. On the backside the hurdles are all within the steeplechase course, then sweeping around inside the hedge on the turn the course takes a wide bend across the Widener Chute and then on to the outside of the

Continued on Page Twenty

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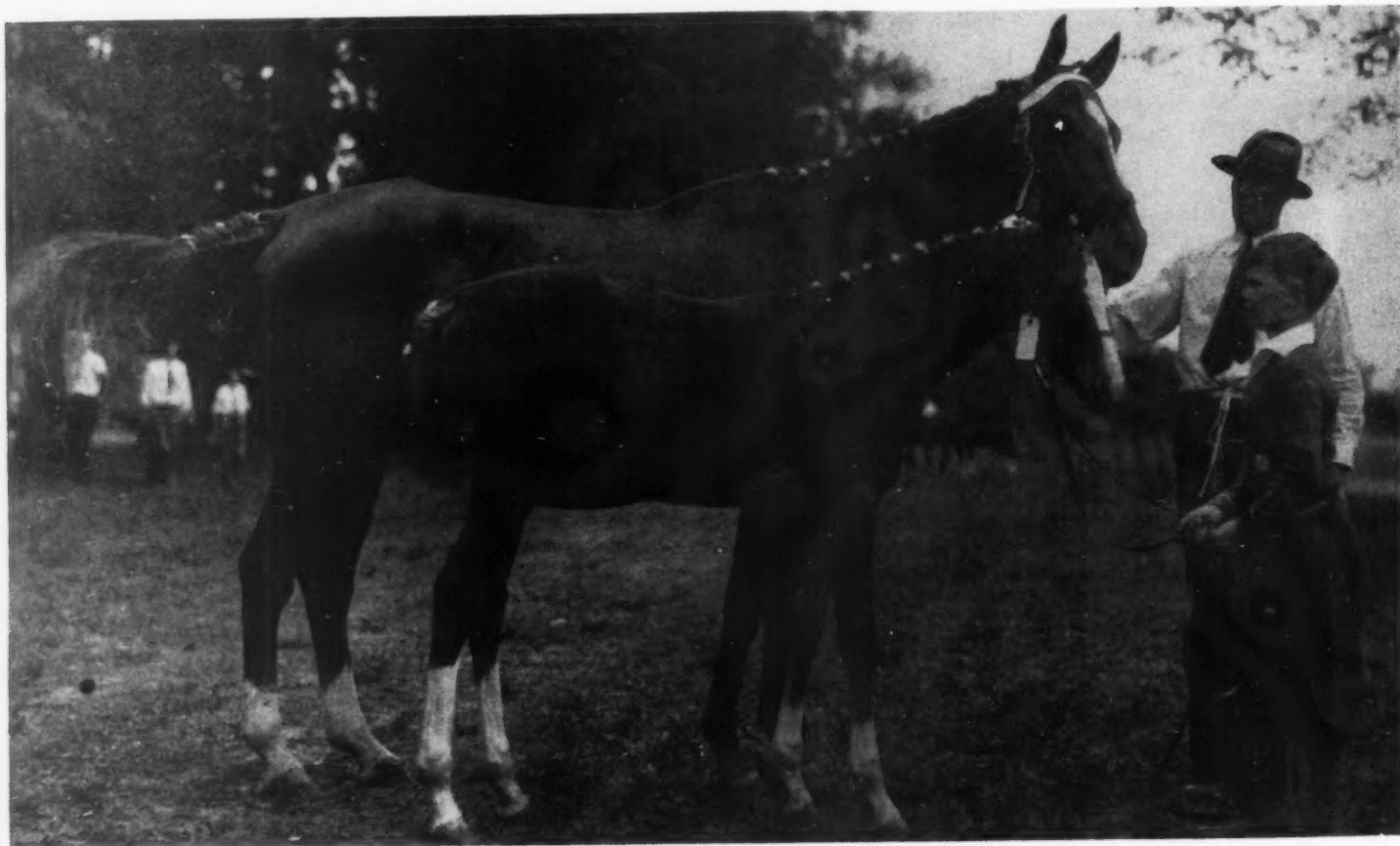


Homer B. Gray, Master
With his white Hunt team and spotted Rombout Hounds



WATERFORD
Champion Hunter at the Rombout Hunt Club, 1942
The grand chestnut gelding, standing 16.2, having won
THE GOVERN CHALLENGE TROPHY
for first flight hunter trials.
Jack Melville, up.

SHOULD A FARMER TAKE A BROODMARE?
(Pic. Courtesy Maxwell Glover)



The mare PRUNELLE, by EYEBROW - ZEROMA. In 17 years she produced 14 foals. There was always a buyer for a foal by PRUNELLE. This daughter is by LONG TONGUE, her name is MISS WHEELER. This picture was taken in 1932. To further understand the situation with which the owner was faced, read the Genesee Valley story by Esther Taylor.

DETROIT 'CHASING
(Photo Jack Blyth)



The Mannequin Steeplechase on July 13th was won by ST. PATRICK'S DAY, #4, G. Smoot up. FIELDFARE, #5, with W. Leonard was 2nd and KELLSBORO, #1 was 3rd with S. O'Neil. This excellent photo was taken at the first jump, showing AIR MARSHALL, #2, P. Miller in the lead. FIELDFARE is on the extreme left, BUMMER HILL is #3 with R. Broder. This picture is an example of the way Detroiters are adapting themselves. Jack Blyth has not been used to taking the leppers, yet he has done a grand job here --- a good omen for their next meeting.

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Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Small Packs Usually Account For More Foxes Than Those Of Fashionable Hunts

It is unlikely that for some years (if ever) we will again see big packs of foxhounds in the field. It will be possible, even with the very meagre nucleus some hunts have retained, to breed sufficient hounds in a season or two to resume pre-war strength, but it has been abundantly proved during the war years that if small packs do not look so imposing they can kill as many foxes. Naturally the fewer hounds in kennel the less the cost of food and man power to maintain. The North Tyne Foxhounds last season, with 4½ couples only, killed 22½ brace of foxes. In another moorland country a few miles only away as the crow flies, the Bewcastle killed quite a lot of foxes with 3½ couples of hounds, and most of the north country hill packs even in normal times, do not run more than six or seven couples. They usually account for more foxes than the fashionable low country hunts which have whippers-in, earth-stoppers, and fifteen or twenty couples of hounds out. Of course everyone knows that the pageant of the chase has its value, but it is certain that in the future a lot of the frills will have to be sacrificed to economy. Incidentally the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds used to begin cub-hunting operations in July. I fancy they were the only pack to make such an early start and I doubt whether they will do so this year. Nowadays, however, one hears little hunting news, for we no longer have the opportunities of meeting old friends at accustomed places, and all the young folks are otherwise engaged.

Fox Tails

By the desire of the M. F. H. Association little appears in the Press regarding hunting matters but the "Wensleydale Fox Exterminators" continue to keep themselves constantly in the limelight with reports of foxes of mammoth size and previously unheard of weights. Some time ago their recorder announced that some dales fox killers had seen a fox "as big as an Alsatian dog". Now we read "there is good reason for believing that the giant fox estimated to weight 30 pounds, has been destroyed. The Dales foxhunters holed him in a deep cavern in which it has been impossible to extract him. The Dales Fox Fund in Upper Wharfedale has paid for 130 tails this year." Naturalists and sportsmen with life-long experience of the vulpine species are much amused by the reports which emanate from Wensleydale regarding foxes of size and weight far beyond all previous known records. Of course these statements are not taken very seriously and will not be allowed to alter existing records for any one who writes of foxes "tails", and states that these enormous Wensleydale foxes have "black tips to their tails", is obviously not very much at home with his subject and ready to believe whatever he may be told.

Herds of Deer Disbanded

The Earl of Yarborough stated the other day that the last remaining stag at Brocklesby had escaped and that the once famous herd is now no

more. The deer at Brocklesby were quite a feature of the expansive park, but in recent years the number has been much reduced. There has been considerable thinning out too, at Duncombe Park, Swinton Castle, Raby, and the few other baronial seats which had park land sufficient for deer. Although some of these herds are semi-wild—particularly those in the extensive Duncombe Deer Park, near Helmsley—the deer require hay in winter, and nowadays forage is too precious even to preserve the picturesque and to maintain tradition. Some of us can remember when "making hounds steady with deer", was a regular and important part of the education of young foxhounds which came in to the Sinnington and other kennels from their "walks". This will still be necessary at Duncombe Park, but even here the famous herd has been thinned out and venison has been sold to the public in Helmsley Market. No longer will it be necessary to let the Brocklesby pack see the deer and to soundly rate any hound which is inclined to run them, for this integral part of the glory of Brocklesby, like its little steeplechase meeting, has departed. "Jones's views of the seats, mansions and castles of the nobility and gentlemen", (published just over a century ago), shows that most of the country houses mentioned had deer in their parks. Castle Howard, Wentworth Castle and Wentworth House, Cannon Hall (Barnsley), Denton Park (Otley), Nostell Priory, Newby Park (Ripon), Methley Hall (Wakefield), Swinton Park (Masham), Raby Castle, Brancepeth Castle, Lathom House, Belton House (Lincs), Welbeck Abbey and Lowther Castle, all had their herds of deer, as had many other seats of those who were at that period counted the great of the earth.

Country lanes have been resplendent with wild roses and there has been a semi-official request to farmers not to cut down hedges in which the roses are blooming because of the medicinal value of the "hips", which it is hoped will be gathered. I heard a number of farmers discussing this request the other day and one of them summed up the debate "Whoever heard of anyone slashing hedges in the middle o' summer?" Even if it was the time of year for hedge-slashing farmers have been much too busy and much too short-handed for such work. It has been a case of all hands on deck to get in the hay harvest, and a lot of good crops have been stacked during the past few days.

Rural Humour

An ages-old bit of humour amongst farmers has been heard several times of late. When haste has got the better of good judgement and hay has been put into stack before the sun has killed it (an old land term for this is "over near t'way"), there is bound to be heating and possible fire. When signs of the former are noted work has to be undone and the stack opened out. Some farmers, to save their reputation, excuse themselves by explaining that they had lost a watch when forking on the stack and were now searching for their lost property. There have been quite a lot of farmers recently who have been looking for lost watches in their stacks!

Despite the fact that farmers seem to have ecclesiastical approval and dispensation when they work in their fields on the Sabbath, there are a lot of land workers who firmly be-

lieve that there can be no luck or blessing on Sunday labour, and that nothing can be gained by it. They cannot bring themselves to break through the tradition that Sunday is a rest day, and that no avoidable manual labour should be done. This must always be a matter for individual conscience, and I notice that the Bishop of Durham, who condones harvesting on Sundays in these out-of-joint times, also says that if such work is necessary it should not prevent attendance at a place of worship. Here are his words:

There may be need for Sunday work at the time of the greatest pressure. I wish to say that my view is that it is both right and possible in time of emergency for urgent work of this kind to be done without neglecting the public worship of God, which is a primary duty of christian people on Sunday.

When I was a boy the very few who dared flout public opinion by yoking their horses on a Sunday, were "the talk of the country-side". They were thought to be guilty of a public scandal and to have endangered their soul's welfare. I am no narrow-minded Puritan, but I am convinced that the Sundays of my boyhood were much happier days, much more restful and a much better preparation for the coming week (not to mention eternity!) than the secularised, pleasure seeking Sabbath's of today.

Rural Sundays

Rural Sundays are now very much like those in towns. What our grandparents would have thought to shops being open on the Sabbath, to the gadding and restlessness of the day, I cannot imagine. One cannot look at the present through the spectacles of today.

Continued on Page Twelve

HUNTER DIRECTORY

TREND REPORT (Up-To-Date News)

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The Chronicle

ESTABLISHED 1937

Stacy B. Lloyd, Jr., Publisher

Don L. Henderson, Editor
(Berryville, Virginia)Nancy G. Lee, Assistant Editor
(Middleburg, Virginia)

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

THE HORSE MARKET

The general stirring up of interest in horse purchases is most noticeable. People who buy to resell are becoming confident, and these men are usually pretty astute readers of the times. The laying in of hunter prospects, not so much for this coming season as for that of a year hence seems to be fairly general. The yearling sales at Keeneland first and then at Meadow Brook are probably going to be better patronized than is at present in the wind.

THE WAR HORSE

We are weekly offering some angle of horses that are used by the various branches of the service. Animal transport for man, gun and pack is advancing in use. We hear little about it, but it is happening nevertheless. It will do no harm to call attention to our article on the tanks in this issue. It may be timely to inform our readers that our War Page is based on very sound information. We have to deal in generalities, due to censorship of course.

STEEPLECHASING

Steeplechasing is now entering its final phase of the season. It has been a good season and from now on till its end will be still more worth watching. For the good of the sport and our personal pleasure, we hope that Montpelier will be able to hold the meeting they have in view.

A HORSE SHOW CIRCUIT

The little circuit to which we have made reference elsewhere is noteworthy. Each year in Maryland and Virginia there are a number of good young horses brought out. This year they have had to stay at home, or enter small local shows. Now they will have a chance to get together in larger numbers, going up against their own calibre. Everyone will be happier because the end of the season will be far more satisfactory than the beginning. There will be a good start for the next year as a result.

Buy War Bonds!

Letters to the Editor

Consider Cavalry Unit

To The Editor.

I wish to thank you for your kind remarks in your issue of July 16th, regarding Canadians in Sicily. Actually our troops were first "blooded" at Dieppe, a show which will be long remembered by us who lost more friends on that day, than in the entire war to date.

To your Cavalry officers and men, who chafe against their enforced inactivity, I say, be of good cheer, the day will come when you will prove your metal; consider also your horsemen cousins, north of the International Boundary, they have not so much as a donkey in their Army, or a "Chronicle" to champion their cause. Admittedly Canadian soldier-horsemen, there were few of them, drifted with the tide, and then one fine day they found their horses gone, consequently say I, Beware!

Note how that most versatile little conveyance, the Jeep, fulfills many cavalry roles; it is a machine gun and mortar carrier; it pulls anti-tank guns; it claws its way and is pushed and pulled through tropical jungle and sub-Arctic snows; it is slung across rivers on cables, and is transported in planes and gliders. Who are the resourceful souls who think of adapting the little cars to so many tasks,—they are the mechanically minded soldiers, yes, and civilians too, for civilian ingenuity is largely responsible for their adaptability. How many new military uses have been found for horses? If officers' chargers and troop horses are too big to be transported by air, who has considered using ponies? I believe that a Jeep weighs in the neighbourhood of 2,400 lbs.; it is fast, and has a wide radius of action—if conditions favour it, if not, how very useful 2,400 lbs. of saddle, pack or draught ponies might be.

When one thinks of ponies, barring polo and cow ponies, one instinctively thinks of the native British breeds, on which I regret to say I am no authority, but we have all marvelled at accounts of their strength in harness; their speed and endurance, their weight carrying and leaping ability under saddle.

Possibly in other respects cavalry will have to think along smaller lines; if the High Command does not see fit to employ cavalry in divisions or brigades, regiments or even squadrons, then cavalry should be prepared to act as troops. I believe that you use the term platoons, attached to infantry regiments.

There is no reason to lose faith in cavalry; it has its place in the modern war machine, but hark—

"The Major used to say,

Now you've got it, mind you keep it,

And don't you give it away."

Yours very sincerely,

Canadian Subscriber T. F. Morton

(Editor:—Our reference to the Canadians referred rather to the later troops that have been going over to England and have trained so untiringly there for such a time as Sicily, Dieppe and their part in it will ever remain in the memories of those who speak of courageous actions.)

Request From Africa

Dear Sir,

I am a former reader of The Chronicle and have been here in North Africa for some time. Prior to my induction I was closely associated with the horse world, professionally.

I miss it all very much and wish to inquire as to possibility of receiving the paper over here. Trusting that you will give this your attention. Sincerely, George T. Long, Jr.

La Jolla

To The Editor,

I attended a horse show on July 11th. We only had a few moments to spend there but saw one class. Which was really worth while. Only 1 jump and 20 horses. By the time it was raised to 5'-8½" from 4'-3", there were still 7 in. However 3 were eliminated at that height. At 6'-1" the first try was old Sports Crusader with Ellen Crabtree up, however he was too tired—then Alliance and Moro were the same. Colonel Davis waited until last, and then asked B-Pex to give him everything he had. It was a superb jump and a beautiful ride and the little chestnut flew it with inches to spare, receiving a great ovation, especially as the going was bad.

Like all other subscribers, I wait impatiently for future issues of The Chronicle and I'm sure they've all told you what a grand job you are doing in spite of the war. Very sincerely, Polly Clark Swinerton, P.O. Box 265, La Jolla, Calif.

(Summaries of the La Jolla Horse Show on file thanks to Mrs. Swinerton).

Cavalry Division

To The Editor,

Please change my address to read Maj. James P. Burns, 7th. Rcn. Sq. APO.201, C-O Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

We are of course very much interested in your column that is G-2ing the present situation as regards the Cavalry Division. Your friend Innis Palmer Swift is getting along well and told me to say to you:—"Not to worry about MY health but look after your own!" "This in answer to your inquiry of a few months ago. We have not yet gotten started hunting here, but have hopes!"

Sincerely, James P. Burns, Joint-M. F. H., 1st Cav. Div. Hunt.

"My Friend Flicka"

J. B. Lippincott Company

New York City

New York

Gentlemen:

In the Chicago Sunday Tribune, July 18th, 1943 issue, page 12, of the book section, I note the advertisement of the book which I have read quite sometime ago to my daughter, "MY FRIEND FLICKA."

I have seen this picture of the happy boy, astride an unhappy horse who is having his face hurt. I am far from being an s. t. p. a. type but

Continued on Page Eleven

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Ten

rather I enjoy Eastern and Western riding alike, the kind that the boy is supposed to be giving the horse.

In an article recently of that well-known sporting and fox-hunting paper, "The Chronicle", under a picture as given I note "the horse is giving the lady a good ride and the young lady is doing likewise. Both the animal and its rider should be happy."

It would appear to me for such an important work for the movie and for the book that you would show a practical picture and not that of a young fellow hurting his horse so meaningfully as this picture shows. If you will take this to one who knows the West or one who loves horses and has to do with them, you will find that your picture does not illustrate "MY FRIEND FLICKA", nor does it illustrate that which the book has written.

In the interests of horses I thought you would care to have correction made if you find that the referred to is in error.

Sincerely yours,

F. M. Young,
709 So. Marquette St.
Racine, Wisconsin

Learns The Hot Way

To The Editor.

Here is something you might like to hear and which might amuse the readers of The Chronicle, it did me.

This is probably the most desolate country in the U. S. in every way—West Texas and East Louisiana and the people suit it fine. The most miserable looking "horses" you ever saw and all half starved but still there are the big saddles and big hats.

The other day I had taken a tank over to an ordinance outfit and right at the entrance there was a poor old horse down in the ditch with the big saddle still on, and the meanest looking guy with a big black hat standing there you ever saw. He had ridden the poor old horse till he dropped.

It just happened that there were some men there from an old Cavalry outfit who had been mechanized and who had taken command of the situation and after getting the sheriff, had the horse destroyed—the only thing to do, he was about 20. But here is the good part. The next day the same guy came by on another horse, and a pretty good one, at a fast gallop on his way to town. The Cavalry group recognized him and waylaid him on his way back, still at a gallop. They pulled off the saddle and bridle, gave the horse some water and a couple of slaps with the bridle reins to start the horse for home and handed the guy the eighty pound saddle. He lived 11 miles away and the thermometer was exactly 101 in the shade.

I heard the last part of this today on another trip and I am writing it while waiting for my tank. Sincerely, Lt. Henry Frost, Shreveport, La.

Mickey Walsh

To The Editor,

I do not know the Mickey Walsh you mentioned in the issue of July 16th. The one whom I referred to is manager for the William Kennedys of Boston. It was he who won so

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

The Classic, created for the express purpose of bringing together the winners of the season's earlier 3-year-old "classics", failed this time to do so; as, sad to relate, their hero, Count Fleet, has been in hospital ever since he won the Belmont Stakes, about two months ago, and it now seems doubtful if he is seen at the post again this season.

In addition, Blue Swords, 2nd to him in both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, had gone wrong and been thrown out of training. Vincentive, winner of the Rich Dwyer Stakes, has broken down. Hopes that Devil's Thumb, unable to engage in the spring campaign, would be ready for the Classic, proved illusive. And so it went.

The quality of the field left to compete argued a second-class contest by a second-class lot—and such it proved to be, though redeemed to a certain extent by the race they put up.

In their previous races the leading candidates, taken together, had shown a form so nearly parallel that to choose between them was difficult.

Eventually Chop Chop, brought on from the East expressly for the stake, on the strength of a victory in record-breaking time but over a poor field, at the Empire City meeting, was made the favorite at 3 to 1.

Occupation would undoubtedly have occupied that post but for his last previous outing, earlier in the week, when he was soundly beaten by the Headley filly Askmenow. However, his previous prestige and three consecutive wins at the meeting, served to make him second choice at 3 1-2 to 1.

Bourmont, also brought on from

much with Little Squire, Erin's Son, etc.

Mickey Walsh was born in Kildollery, Co. Cork, Ireland. His father had a provision store which is the same as a general store in this country. Mickey's brothers and sisters still carry on the business. They always had a few useful steeplechase horses. Of course Mickey started riding very early in life.

I hope this clears the matter up as Mickey Walsh and I have been great friends for years. Sincerely, James Rice, Lake Success, Great Neck, L. I.

(Therefore we still are at sea as to the whereabouts of the children of Mr. Walsh of Fort Reno, Okla. Anyone knowing anything of them, will oblige by telling us. Editor.)

At Any Cost

Dear Sir:

I received your address a few days ago from Mrs. Margaret Kerckhoff of St. Louis, Missouri, and I am very much interested in subscribing to your paper. So I would like to have you enter my name on your books and to start sending me your paper at once regardless of cost. It takes quite some time for second-class mail to reach us away over here so it is advisable to send your bill by Air Mail.

Thanking you in advance, and hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain your friend,

Cpl. Henry E. Auer.

Somewhere in the Pacific.
Saturday, July 17, 1943.

the East, showed so well against Askmenow and Occupation in their clash that many picked him to beat them both, so he sold third at 4 3-4 to 1.

Almost equally favored was still another colt, Slide Rule, that had been racing well without winning through the earlier weeks of the meet. He was at 5 to 1. As for Askmenow, while she was fresh from her defeat of Occupation, Bourmont, etc., on Monday, and, because of her sex, had a nice pull in the weights, the established idea that a filly cannot beat the colts in events like the Classic served to give her a price of 5 1-2 to 1.

Thus it will be seen that 5 different starters were being backed at from 3 to 5 1-2 to 1—indicating the extreme openness of the race, in the bettors' (as well as the experts') opinions.

The favorite went at once to the front—not a brilliant piece of tactics, as he was carrying the top weight (123 lbs.) nor had he shown any such superiority, it being the general reckoning that for a colt to take the lead, make the pace and win all the way, from post to finish, in a big stake over a good distance of ground, he must be at least 5 lbs. better than anything that tries to race him.

Longden, on Chop Chop, seemed to think—or had been instructed—that the rest would die behind him, as he took the son of Flares off by himself and kept him from 3 to 4 lengths in the lead for the best part of the first mile. And at the end of 6 furlongs he was moving so strongly that catching him looked improbable.

But when Slide Rule, that had been laying along 4th until Zufelt started his drive rounding the upper turn, rushed up to him as they were swinging for home, with Bourmont in close pursuit, Chop Chop compounded and the other pair went on to fight it out.

They made a nice finish, but Bourmont, far back in the early running, could not quite reach and Slide Rule won by a length, while Mrs. Sloane's colt beat Chop Chop 4 lengths for the \$10,000 2nd money. Five lengths farther back Askmenow had a neck the better of Famous Victory for the 4th division of the stake.

The time, for the mile and a quarter, was 2:04 3-4, first mile in 1:37 1-5. Very similar to that in the Kentucky Derby, which was won by Count Fleet in flat 2:04, first mile in 1:37 3-5. In that race Slide Rule came 3rd, Blue Swords splitting him

and the winner, but neither of them could get anywhere near Mrs. Hertz's flying colt.

Slide Rule is a light chestnut by Snark—King's Idyll, by imp. Sir Gallahad 3d and is owned by the Seattle airplane industrialist, W. E. Boeing. He was bred by Arthur B. Hancock, at his famed Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky., and bought as a yearling by Mr. Boeing at private sale for a price never given out.

His 2-year-old career was brilliant but his 3-year-old form, up to the Classic had been rather disappointing. Aside from him his dam, thus far, has produced nothing worth mention; but his grandam, Etoile Filante, was one of the greatest producing daughters of Fair Play.

Slide Rule is one of the first crop of foals (not a large one) got by Snark, a horse of immense speed, winner of one of the most thrilling Suburbans ever run, in which the time, for the mile and a quarter, was 2:01 2-5, he carrying 120 lbs., and numerous other splendid races.

The male line goes back, through Continued on Page Twenty

VACATIONS

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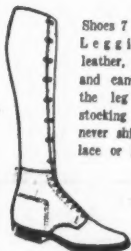
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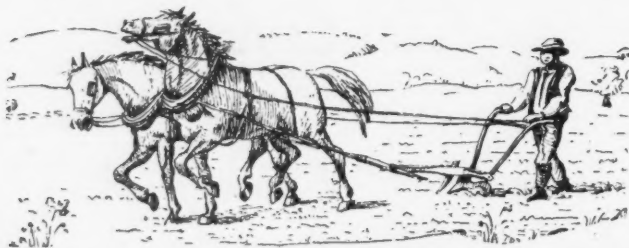
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FARMING in WAR TIME



TO HORSE FARMERS

We would encourage you to tell us of your farms and your activities.

Farm Savings

By Castle Hill

There never is an end to what there is to do on a farm, if you'll only keep your eyes open and then "do". So talking of keeping your eyes open reminds me of many things I see going down the road—and then am reminded of looking over my own fence to see how the same thing is getting along.

Now that brings back the business of fencing—which at this time of the year may easily come in for attention.

Fencing

This year its going to be hard to get wire, labor to cut posts; in fact this fencing business is not going to be so easy, whatever way you look at it. So let's see what can be done to save:—wire costs can be cut by wiring only for what is going to be in the field, for instance, cattle can do with 4 barb wires, and if cattle and horses are to run together in a fair sized field—you can do quite well with top and 3rd barbs and 2nd, 4th and 5th plain. BUT THE WIRE MUST BE TIGHT—that means good corners, well set and braced—it is the secret of a stock-tight fence. Maybe further saving can be made by taking wire from another fence where it is no longer so necessary.

Now as to posts—you can well afford to put them 10 paces apart and then use 4 droppers in between, these can be obtained from most mills or even saw sheds, where certain dimension stuff is being worked up—there may be a whole lot of oak 1½x1½ left over from some trim work—get these cut into 4' lengths and you have excellent droppers. Bind these onto the wires in

3 places with short pieces of thin soft wire and you have the necessary strain that will stop cattle from going through. The plain wires at the bottom will generally stop colts from pawing and cutting their fetlocks.

If, after this it is found that sheep have to go in, or hogs, 26" American wire can be stretched along the bottom. Now the saving over all has been in number of posts needed, post holes to be dug, over all cost of wire and saving in labor, with a tight fence with it—and just as effective for the purpose. BUT AGAIN REMEMBER THE CORNERS MUST BE CAPABLE OF STANDING UP.

The Corners

There is entirely too much work done unnecessarily on corners, the key positions on a fence row, if constructed of wire. Here is the way to save—make a slightly corner and at the same time one that will never give. Plant two good posts 3' in the ground at 1 pace apart—TAMP THEM TIGHT—then put a cross arm, parallel to the ground at 1 foot from the top of the two posts, notched in to each. Now take a double or triple wire brace running from the top of the inside post to a dead man back of and a good 2' sunk in the ground back of and touching the outside corner post—again TAMP THE DEADMAN well and end up by twisting the wire brace tight. The deadman should be about two feet long—if all these specifications are adhered to, you will have a neat corner, inexpensive to put down and one that will last.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

les of the past if we would get a proper perspective. One thing is certain—it is futile to try by law to make people good, or to conform to what some consider good. It is not so long ago however, that vigorous attempts were made so to do. Although in an earlier generation, after their church-going, it was equally compulsory for the male population to assemble to practice archery at the butts and to teach their sons to shoot. Quarter Sessions records contain endless instances of fines for failure to attend archery parades on the Sabbath, for transacting business on that day, for failure to attend service at the parish church, and for taking part in games and sport on the seventh

day. There were before the Richmond (Yorks) magistrates at the end of the seventeenth century, a yeoman for selling wool on the Lord's Day; a Bainbridge man for selling soap and tobacco; and a Reeth tradesman for selling oatmeal, pease and tobacco. At Malton a Stonegrave sportsman appeared to answer a charge of making a bet on a Sunday. In 1653 at Richmond "John Swan of Little Danby and Thos. Cook of Bowes were committed for suffering Swan to tipple in his house on the Lord's Day and Swan for tippling in Cooke's house".

FOR SALE
Small Herd Polled
Shorthorn Cattle
JOHNSTON FARMS
McDonald, Tenn.

They both had to sit in the stocks for six hours. Christopher Knowles of Exelby, near Bedale was also before the magistrates "for suffering unlawful games, viz, cards, to be used in his house on the Sabbath day, and keeping a common football for the young men of the town to play with". As the author of "Seventeenth Century Life in the country parish" points out:

The Puritan spirit tried hard but found it impossible to quell the sporting instinct of Englishmen. In spite of severe game regulations men continued to hunt rabbits and shoot pigeons, to prefer horse racing and games to compulsory prayers. Football survived in spite of pains and penalties upon those who played it. As the century rolled on the authorities began to realise that they were powerless to combat the love of sport, that elemental characteristic which is inherent in the British race.

A Dale Story

I am old enough to have known dalesmen who frankly admitted that the reason they or some member of the family, unfailingly went to church on a Sunday morning was that news must be brought back as to notices read out each week. These included the meeting place of the local pack of hounds, also announcements of sheep lost and found and similar matters. In one dale it was customary for farmers on each side of the valley to take it in turns to attend the morning service and to report to his neighbours matters of interest, also apparently, to bring back the week's stock of tobacco from the public house. Suddenly the vicar of the moorland church found his congregation much improved and, on expressing his delight at this spiritual of revival and wave of piety to one who had hitherto been seen only on the occasion of funerals, the reply he got was "Naay! you're wrang if you think things 's better in t'dale. They were nivver warne. We've all quarrelled over our sheep, nobody's speaking ti nobody else, so we're all forced ti come ti church, or we shouldn't know where the hounds were meeting, and we should be without any paccy".

Another story is told of a cleric being asked to offer prayers for Lucy Gray. He duly did so, and a few days later asked if Lucy was better. "Better!", was the reply. "Didn't you back her? She won her race on Wednesday and we all backed her!". This sounds rather irreverent, as does the story told of the famous old trainer Martin Gurry. He

Continued on Page Eighteen

HERD DIRECTORY

TREND REPORT (Up-To-The-Minute News)

We are developing a strong reader interest in the Middlewest and North.

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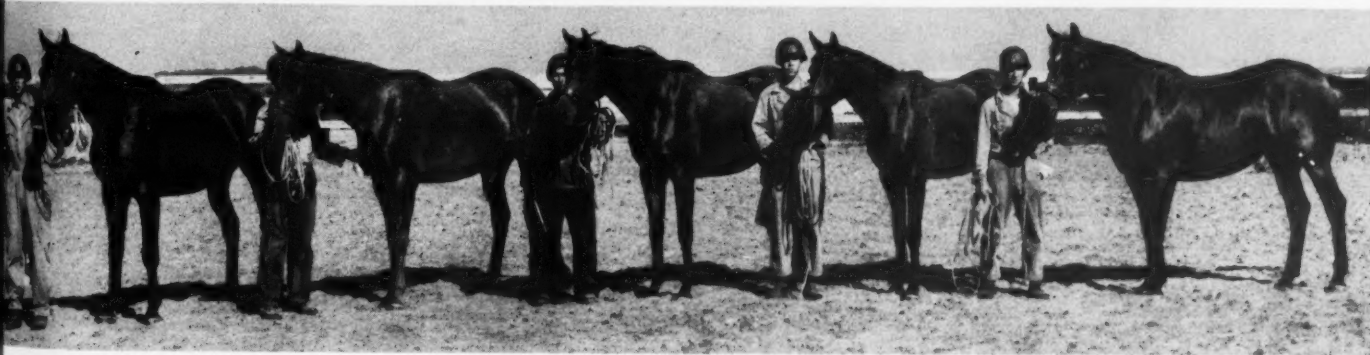
FRIDAY, JULY



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OUR HORSE RESOURCES

(Courtesy Fort Riley)



Fort Riley, Kansas
July 19, 1943

They well typify the careful selective breeding of the Army Remount. As most breeders realize, it is easy to obtain refinement simply by breeding one clean-bred to another. However, to develop substance is quite another thing! Without exception all these four-year-olds combine the two elements so difficult to have in the same horse—quality AND substance.

Of particular interest were the two colts by **Big Blaze**, one of whom is pictured above. Donated to the Army Remount by Mr. Samuel D. Riddle, famed owner of **Man o'War**, **Big Blaze** is by **Campfire** out of **Queen Of The Hills** and this is his first crop of foals while in army service. Foaled in 1921, **Big Blaze** was a high class race horse under the colors of the Glen Riddle Farms. One of his greatest victories came in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, in which he bested the celebrated **St.**

James. He has proven himself successful at stud in getting many stake horses, including **Burning Blaze**, 1929, winner of over \$100,000. **Big Blaze's** get have excellent fronts, size and quality. The colt pictured above, for example, is a delight to both Huntsman and officer in the field.

The sire of most of these colts and fillies is well known to Cavalrymen. Some of us have seen old **High Line** in person; others have seen his picture in General Chamberlin's book in which the author describes him as an excellent type to get hunters and jumpers. With remarkably short cannons, nine inches of bone large girth and powerful oblique shoulder, **High Line** has given to his get all these desirable characteristics. It is interesting to note that this great sire, by **High Cloud** (he by **Ultimus**) even though bred to several different mares, has display-

ed his dominance by getting a most uniform group of youngsters.

There are several other big bays sired by **Donnay**, now 17 years old, by the imported **Donnacona** out of **Kiwanah**. Remaining Thoroughbreds are by **Big Blaze** and **Perchance**, with one-six-year-old by **Friar Dolan**. The latter is a racy looking individual who arrived here quite poor but who is now picking up. **Perchance** is one of the few **Broomsticks** left.

Now in a working quarantine, the trooper's mounts are ridden every day in confined areas, while the four-year-olds are being schooled to lounge and to accept their new life quietly and willingly.

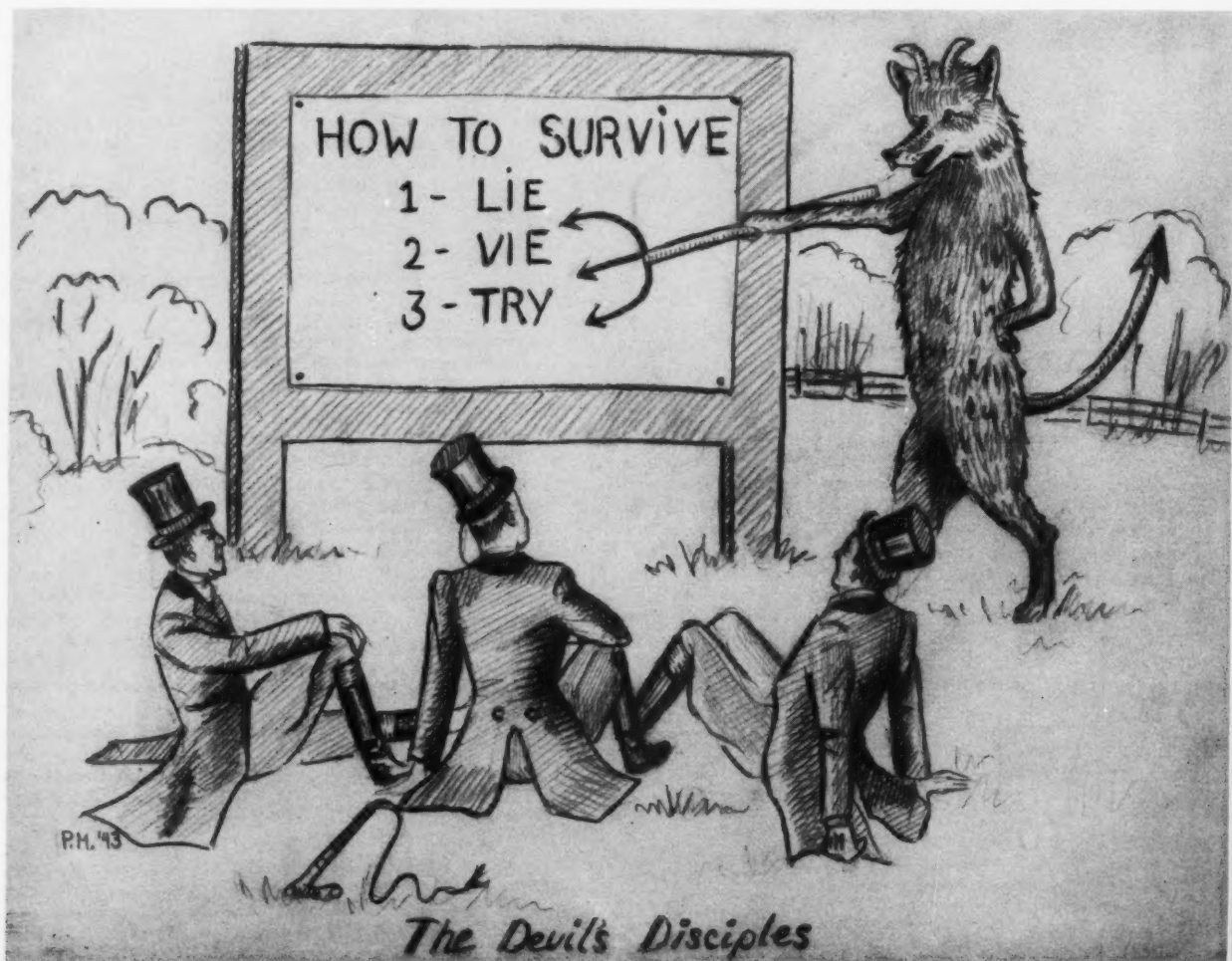
Your reporter, amazed to see such model Thoroughbreds here, learned the reason upon discovering that the lot was selected by Col. Oliver I. Holman, a Cavalryman with a keen eye for all that is desirable in the horse!—By J. C. Y.

Chronicle
Ft. Riley, Va.
Sir:

In answer to your recent letter, we are happy to release to The Chronicle the article on our new remounts. This article is appearing in the Ft. Riley GUIDON on July 16th. Thanks for your interest.

Cordially,

Alan M. Warfield, Major, Cavalry
Public Relations Officer C. R. T. C.
The RTC horsemen were pleasantly surprised last week with the addition of some high class remounts from Forts Reno and Robinson. The trooper's mounts were all nicely schooled youngsters with conformation indicating long service ahead. It was a group of Reno and Robinson bred Thoroughbreds, however, that evoked the greatest admiration from our troopers.



FRIDAY,

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The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

By Expositor

ON "FREEDOM, ONE TO FIVE"
(and no takers)

The "stinking violet" having raised its ugly head and April with its "shoures soote" having not only pierced but drown-ed every "roote", no choice remains for even the most ardent hound-man but to kennel his pack, pack his kit, and curb his appetite, until, at last, a flaming September sun shall welcome him once more to field and covert. Those long months which delight the horticulturist, those fresh breezes which enthrall the yachtman, those low, warm summer moons which inspire the lover, leave but blank pages in the diary of your dyed-in-the-wool, hell-for-leather fox-hunter. The mint julep might assuage, but never cure the yearning within his breast, the summer sun may warm, but never stir the cockles of his heart. Neither war nor poverty, age nor arthritis, philosophy nor religion, will dampen the haunting hunger for the cry of hounds which stalks his waking moments and disturbs his dreams. Alas, if one be a true disciple of Old Meynell, April is a maid of sorrow and all her showers tears.

(I have no doubt that old Gambado had been stung by a bee or jilted by some serving wench when he wrote the above paragraph, else he could never have so well depicted the sadness with which any human being might welcome spring! For how could he,—being no hunting man himself and liking, as he did, nothing better than to lie idle in the sunshine, unless it were to exert himself amorously by moonlight? . . . Exp.)

Do not think, dear Reader, that what I have set forth on this matter is an exaggeration. Although I have not travelled extensively myself, nonetheless, many hunting men have crossed my path, some following hounds, some looking for hounds, and some just hunting, and more than one has told me with great emphasis that he would be sorry to see the season end. I am not naturally a gullible man, but I see no reason why they should lie to me. In fact, I have considered the situation well and I have reached the conclusion that in every hunting field there are five categories; to wit:

Category one consists of the "Smart". The "Smart" are those stupid enough to believe that a hard hat, a scarlet coat and high boots can effectively disguise soft heads, white livers, and low ideals.

Category two consists of the ambitious. The ambitious are those who, being dissatisfied with what they are, strive constantly, and without regard to cost, to appear what they are not.

Category three consists of the effete. These having little to be proud of except the environment into which they were born embrace with tenacious determination every symbol of that environment, lest in losing caste they lose all.

Category four consists of the designing. This is a very large category, indeed. It consists of the maid seeking a mate, the mate seeking a maid, the lawyer seeking a client, the client seeking seclusion, the salesman, the horse dealer, the politician, the realtor, and I dare say, in some cases, the undertaker, all seeking a livelihood.

The fifth category consists of the fox hunters, and a difficult time they have of it, you may be sure. It is for these that the lilac bears such evil tidings, and the anemone holds no charms. A hard bitten, passionate, fanaticism marks them and their joys and their sorrows are their own. They form an aristocracy of the statesman and the farmer, of the peer and the peasant, of the rich and the poor. To belong you must prefer the cry of hounds to the song of angels, the spring of a horse to the caress of a mistress, and the breath of danger to the rock of ages. Few courts will commit them to asylums maintained by the State, and institutions which are self governing will have none of them. Therefore, they wander about at large, a menace when mounted and an irritation afoot. It is a sad commentary on Democracy that public funds are expended for the extermination of mosquitoes and the tsetse fly, while withholding a head tax on Fox Hunters. A circuitous method of extermination is under way, however, in some counties, which puts a bounty on the fox itself, but, what with drags, hare, and the imagination of some huntsmen (who can chase a myth as well as a hound can follow its nose), this pusillanimous effort is doomed to failure.

Some people have voiced the hope and others the fear that the war will succeed in destroying hunting, where wire, macadam, and the landscape gardener have failed. Indeed, the alacrity with which a fox hunter will rush to a recruiting office would seem to substantiate this opinion, but it is too much to expect that even this expedient will succeed in eliminating a sufficient number to destroy the seed. We must put our faith in the New Deal and a controlled economy. Surely a post war plan which envisions age without want, indolence without poverty, equality without equity, rewards without rectitude, and lollipops without labour, should encourage sport without danger and prescribe those activities which involve blood, sweat, or tears. Why stop at four freedoms when five would hasten the millenium? If we can have Four Freedoms during the Third Term, we have every right to expect five during the fourth, six during the fifth, and seven during the sixth, and end up by having so many freedoms that gaols, inhibitions, and elections will become as obsolete as the sponging-house, the Ten Commandments, and democracy. Therefore, I suggest we campaign at once for Freedom from Fox-hunters, the Fifth Freedom, the Free-est of them all!

Many of my correspondents take issue with these sentiments. I receive letters from men in India ecstatically describing a day's leave wasted by riding borrowed nags after jackals, with all the whoop and holler of pre-war days, when in all probability they could, by pulling the proper strings, spend the same time drinking a glass of goat's milk with the Mahatma himself. Still others fill the postman's bag with epistles long and short, all bleating the same refrain, "Keep hunting going until we return." Indeed, I shan't be surprised were I to hear, when all can be told, that Montgomery used a pack of staunch English hounds to run the "Desert Fox" to ground. There is more than coincidence, it seems to me, in all the propaganda which colors our most urgent front line dispatches. Desert Fox, Fox holes, Fox this, Fox that! No wonder the O. W. I. is in disrepute. Why can't they devote themselves to promoting the Fourth Term and leave Fox hunting to

the Republicans? Whoever heard of Democratic fox-hunting, anyhow?

Do not count, dear Reader, on the disasters of war helping you. Down goes a huntsman and up pops a huntswoman; look for a whip and you find a whipperette. Indeed, I cannot better express the tenacity of this particular breed of human kind than by quoting the following poem, which has just been sent to me by an illiterate sailor who claims to have composed it while standing the "dog watch".

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLES

I

Consider the spectacle, 'kin to a pageant,
Composed of the forces of Moloch and Baal;
Scarlet, the badge of the Devil's own agent,
Marks these bold knights of the unholy grail.
Twenty odd couples of loud voiced hellions,
Eager for blood, contempt'ous of quiet,
As murderous bent as a band of Othellians
Serve as the able inciters to riot.
Sixty-odd horses, resentful of curb rein,
Bred in the purple and proved as to pace,
Impatiently spurning the turf of the bye-lane,
Over-fed, under-worked, eager to race.
Threescore of Sportsmen, all spittle and polish,
Ready and roaring their mettle to try,
Eager and anxious to sail or demolish
Any impediment meeting the eye.
Such is the format, the active ingredients
Of any smart hunt which is worthy of note,
Nor should we o'erlook the shifty expedients
By which it seduces the poor farmer's goat.

II

Sharp on the stroke of the hour appointed,
Awaiting for no one, eager for blood,
"Twang", goes the horn of the Devil's annointed,
And into the covert at hand pours the flood.
Hark to the sound of a hound as he opens,
Hark to the screech of a whip on the hill,
Strain for a view at the hedge where the slope ends,
Shorten your reins, lad, and ride with a will.
Nothing is proved by the first twenty minutes,
No time for excuses, no test of the strong,
Even the fox must do better to win its
Place in a story or praise in a song.
But soon the clock's ticking a year to the hour,
Each breath is a mixture of pain and a sob,
The brush of game Charlie's beginning to lower,
And even the blood-uns are starting to bob.
The panels are black and the fences forbidding,
The earth is a refuge, 'tho gained by a fall,
The trial of the gallant is rapidly ridding
The pack and the field of the quitter, and all
The faint-hearted gentry who now are foregathered
Over their liquor explaining the reason
Their horse pulled a shoe, or the beast was so lathered
They had to give up for the day or the season.

III

But the little red varmint makes no excuses,
Accepting the challenge with all it entails,
Matching courage with courage, numbers with ruses,
He gives you his best, and dies if he fails.
Were YOU on the spot when the pack bowled him over,
Had YOU ridden "straight" from the find to the kill,
Then, Mister, you'll hunt 'till the sod is your cover,
Let fair weather "Sportsmen" quit if they will.
Survival, m' lads, in itself is an honor
Reserved for the brave, who distain the canard,
That hunting and hunters are doomed and a goner—
If you need an example consider Reynard.
If he can survive all the rigors of Nature,
Exist, despite gun-powder, poison, and snare,
What government edict or smug legislature
Can stay those brave spirits whose watchword is "dare".
Devil a bit will they make a concession,
Devil a bit, call a halt to the revel
While there's scent and a hound to lead the procession,
Disciples they'll be of the little Red Devil.

Do not think because I publish this poem that I sponsor it! I present it solely as evidence that there are still in existence some reactionary die-hards who won't get on a gravy train even when it stops for them; who will ride a hobby as hard as a horse, and with the same heavy hands on the bit. What lack of vision, what obstinacy, what selfishness they display! Institute old age pensions and they break their necks in rebellion; set up point rationing and they scream for ten mile points, eliminate crop control and they ride over wheat, call their attention to the O. D. T. and they smash de fences (for shame, Gambado). No better illustration occurs to me to portray their perversity than their reactions to the Four Freedoms, that new, New Testament of Democracy.

Give them Freedom of Speech and they demand freedom
to screech;
Offer Freedom from Want and they want to hunt, and
want to want to;
Offer Freedom from Fear and they are already unafraid.
Only Freedom of Worship pleases them and that only in
so far as it frees them from worshipping the
Great White Father.

Therefore being a peaceful man and disinclined by nature to contention, I can not help but feel that the slogan for the Home Front, the watch word for the New Utopia, and the battle-cry of the Phrase Makers should be either "Freedom FROM Foxhunters" or "Freedom FOR Foxhunters." There can be no compromise!

GAMBADO.

WAR and the HORSE



What About Tanks?

In the Washington Evening Star of July 21 appears an article by Carter Field—he goes into quite a few details, but the sum total of the whole thing is that tanks are about to become obsolete.

The reason being that weapons have been invented that can put them out of business—but of course, provided that weapon is available—a tank should not be such a hard target. Anyway, according to Carter Field, "there is no more begging for more and more tanks. In fact, if you really want to see a tank come off the assembly line, you had better hurry up."

Now all this is not particularly pertinent to horses, nor will I vouch for its correctness, so I have merely quoted the "meat", but here is the connection:—Back in December 1941 Major-General J. K. Herr, who was then the Chief of Cavalry made this statement, quote:—"THE POWER OF ARMORED FORCES WILL DECREASE BECAUSE OF THE ANTI-TANK THREAT."

The development of fast-moving anti-tank units, the core of which will be self-propelled vehicles mounting guns capable of shooting holes through any tank, will stop armored vehicles just as the machine gun stopped men. Although armored force commanders hold that the only answer to armored units is other armored units, I cannot agree.

Theirs is a natural and interested viewpoint, because it means more tanks. The answer to the armored knights was also presumed to be more armored knights, but the projectile gave a swifter and cheaper solution. You will recall that the arrows of the Incas and Aztecs glance harmlessly off the mail-clad knights of Pizarro and Cortez, but when the English crossbow and later the musket came upon the scene, the armor was relegated to the museum.

Likewise, although the present armored units are invulnerable to small arms fire, it is possible to produce myriads of anti-tank weapons to which they are vulnerable and which can be moved around just as fast as tanks and probably faster. In view of the fact that the present tanks cost about \$1 a pound, i. e., a 15 ton tank costs about \$30,000, while for the same money scores of unarmored vehicles carrying anti-tank weapons may be produced, there can be but one answer."

"The power of armored forces will decrease because of the constantly increasing air power, great as is air power now, it is still in its infancy."

Again we read, quote:—"The air power will become the strongest factor in causing a break-through and a WAR OF MOVEMENT. The relative power of armored forces will diminish. The relative power of cavalry will increase as a member of the ground exploitation team because of its cross-country mobility and powers of dispersion, which enable it to avoid losses from the air and con-

tinue to move. These inherent powers also enable cavalry to evade tanks, continue on, and attack supply columns and infantry in trucks. Cavalry will disperse for protection and proceed on its mission."

Further on the General makes a statement that has never occurred to me, but is beginning to sink in as one of the possible factors in this supreme motor exploitation and consequent squelching of the horse—there is much good reasoning in it—again quoting:—"As we know in these motor-mad days it is difficult to get a square deal for the horse. This applies to both civilian and military. You are aware of the aggressive efforts of certain motor interests to push their products by publishing pamphlets comparing horse and motor and teeming with exaggerated and untrue statements which you have exposed. You have not the promotion funds at your disposal."

Now just read this over again. Let it sink in—I have faith in General Herr, his methods of developing the Cavalry when he was the chief in command of the Branch demonstrated his ability. Some say:—"He is a die-hard, his viewpoint is too prejudiced"—his administration of the Cavalry showed positively that was not so—he developed the "Portee unit"—a combination of the horse with motor—HE DEVELOPED THE COMBINED USE OF MOTOR-AND-HORSE-IN-AIR-AND-ON-LAND for both harassing the enemy and reconnaissance—and since those days General Stillwell has constantly called for the same combination of units for his command—a tough assignment—it looks as if that speech made in December 3, 1941 before the Horse and Mule Association of America, in Chicago, is going to come up for fame just as did so many of the notable speeches made by the late General Mitchell. If so, are we in shape to go ahead and use cavalry, have we sufficient horses and men, trained for this use, or these uses? I hope so.

Going back to "the aggressive efforts of certain motor interests"—maybe here is some of the core of the thing—maybe the almighty dollar has taken supremacy over commonsense and the consequent loss of life.—DLH.

Paratroopers In Sicily

Listening in to the London broadcast one evening this week we heard of another of our friends, about the vintage of Patton, Allen, Truscott and Devers—it was Joe Swing, now Brig.-Gen. Joseph M. Swing of the Field Artillery. Responsible for the paratroopers in Sicily—we did not get all the broadcast, but enough to know that Joe Swing was on that detail. Everyone who knows polo of the Army days, after the last war—knows this long, lean, hard-hitting

Nine Horses Loaned By Farmer Helped A Squadron In Tunisia

The 91st Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, MECHANIZED, BORROWED NINE HORSES from a friendly farmer during the Tunisian Campaign in the process of knocking out some units of the Hermann Goering Division, a report to the War Department discloses.

In this five-day action, the Squadron wrested Djebel Achkel from the Hermann Goering Division units and established an important observation post there.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry W. Candler, of Selma, North Carolina, who commanded the Squadron, described the incident as follows on his return to Headquarters of the Army Ground Forces:

"This action resulted in the Squadron taking as prisoners 221 men and officers. During the period, however, we were faced with bringing up ammunition and food to our men over some swamp land. We finally overcame this difficulty BY BORROWING NINE HORSES FROM A FRIENDLY FARMER."

"When the surrender order, signed by the German commanding general in the sector, was presented to the captain in charge of the Goering units, he refused to honor it. He told us that no German general would sign such an order. We took the hill anyway."

RECONNAISSANCE TECHNIQUE AND TRAINING DEVELOPED BY THE ARMY GROUND FORCES AND INSTILLED IN RECONNAISSANCE UNITS AT FORT BLISS, TEXAS, MET THE TESTS OF COMBAT AND PROVED SOUND.

The 91st Reconnaissance Squadron went into action at Abiod on April 19 and remained until the Axis capitulation. Against elite German outfits it accomplished its mission with few delays.

After the Djebel Achkel action the Squadron moved rapidly and its forward elements were the first of the Allied units to enter Ferryville. During the final phases of the campaign prisoners of war, thronging the roads, were a problem, Colonel Candler said.

Cleverly concealed aerial bombs were used by the enemy as land mines, and their indiscriminate distribution kept the Squadron constantly on the alert. Some had been placed long enough to permit weeds to grow around them, adding to the difficulty of detection.

The Squadron did not lose a single vehicle through faulty servicing, Colonel Candler reported. Many damaged machines were put back into operation in a relatively short time by efficient and conscientious maintenance work.

Artilleryman—no one could be better suited to do the job.

A little anecdote comes to mind—a polo tournament at Sill—sleeping on a cot on the porch at Toddy George's quarters at the Old Post—being awakened—in fact tipped off the cot—and it must have been round the hours way after midnight—Joe insisted that the writer go inspect his chickens before they left their roost! A great lad Joe—a suitable job for a rough-and-tumble soldier—a man whom every man-jack of the soldiers will look up to.

Mounted Sports Of Great Value To The Soldier

(Quoted From Maj. Gen. J. K. Herr December '41)

We must continue to encourage all mounted sports, such as hunting, horse shows, racing, steeplechasing, and polo. All these require a fine type of horse and promote good breeding. From a military viewpoint such sports are of untold value in stimulating those qualities of dash, courage, and endurance, which one needs in fast-moving war. Of all these sports, I regard polo as of greatest value to the soldier. It is a real, practical school of training for a leader. It not only requires qualifications of training and riding, but the game demands teamwork, an awareness of the whereabouts of all players, both friend and foe, anticipation of play, instant decisions and rapid execution. It demands physical and mental activity. Swift action of action will not compensate for sluggishness of thought. Good polo players are generally fine cavalry leaders.

(Editor's note:—Adding to this, Major-General Innis Palmer Swift, now commanding the First Cavalry Division was called upon to use his resourcefulness at one time in an amusing manner. His polo team had won the right to play at Point Judith in either the 12 goal, or one of those similar national tournaments. There was a limit to the number of men that could be taken with the ponies. Swift loaded the ponies, in a 42 foot box car—loaded bales of forage and the allowed number of attendants, at Fort Leavenworth. Upon arrival at Point Judith, ponies were unloaded, so were the men who had gone along—but—also out streamed enough enlisted men to amply take care of the team's ponies—they had been stashed away behind the bales of hay—told to stay there while the inspectors might poke their heads in the cars—no had example of resourcefulness surely!)

An Old Cavalryman's Letter To His Son

Now that you have at last attained the distinction of a troop assignment in a good horse Cavalry regiment, you should feel very satisfied.

Maybe it will not hurt for you to turn your thoughts to a matter that is of importance—your transportation—your mount. All of your duties will be the easier of accomplishment with credit to yourself and your outfit if you and your mount are in accord—he must have faith in you and you must know that he will respond to your wishes.

Nothing tends to build up the morale of a cavalryman better than to know when he gets his leg over the saddle that he will be able to adequately carry out those certain things which he has to perform in line of duty. Whether it be to stand still in ranks, go where you want him to in close order drill or carry himself with a pleasing bearing in a review—he is a part of you, or should be—for so it appears to the reviewing or inspecting officer.

Then when you are out in the field, to know that you can place dependence on him makes for confidence in the performance of your missions. In a cavalry troop you will be largely

Continued on Page Seventeen

Yearling Sales

Continued from Page One

breeders, the Thoroughbred and the Chronicle and you who may be interested in buying a new one to come on.

Since the sales at Meadow Brook are to be the last, we will at this time briefly list what Fasig-Tipton has received at their offices, for sale at the Long Island Club on September 21st and 22nd.

Nydrle Stud	10
Morven Stud	11
Mrs. George L. Harrison	11
W. H. LaBoyteaux	13
Sagamore Farm	14
W. H. Lipscomb	6
Rockridge Farms	9
Great Run Stud	3
Mrs. Collin McLeod	2
North Wales Stud	6
J. M. Roebbing	1
Mrs. A. Schuttlinger	3
Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh	2
Montpeller	3
Dr. L. M. Allen	1
H. B. Phipps	2

In addition they expect to have consignments from Meadowview Farms and others. There will be about 100 yearlings offered while the races are on at nearby Belmont—there should be no lack of buyers, with the yearlings brought right to them.

Now to the sale at Keeneland to be held at the earlier dates of August 9th, 10th, and 11th. We have the following information for those who will be interested and yet do not receive the papers which are always so authentic when it comes to the Sales—essentially Thoroughbred Racing papers. The following have consigned:—(List incomplete).

Leslie Combs II	14
W. Lee Nutter	3
Marshall Field	10
Charlton Clay	8
W. S. Threlkeld	4
E. D. Axton	2
Warner L. Jones	4
J. B. Hurst	3
L. F. Holton	4
Dr. G. H. Knapp	2
Grant Dorland	2
J. E. Johnstone	1
Claiborne and Ellerslie	59
Fairholme Stud	11
Crestwood Farm	10
Thomas Platt	14
Dr. Esle Asbury	5
Chas. A. Asbury	5
Chas. E. Hagyard	4
From Forks of Elkhorn	4
Mereworth Stud	55

In regard to the Meadow Brook sales, the following steps have been taken to assure the best presentation of the eastern yearlings and at the same time help those who have bred and have to transport their charges to Long Island. The Virginia Horsemen's Association and the Maryland Breeders Association have joined arms.

The office at Warrenton of the Virginia Association will be used as headquarters by Dan Cox, on detached service from the Eastern Breeder to carry on the duties usually performed by Humphrey Finney and Nick Saegmuller, both of whom being away in the services.

This organization will help coordinate transportation and issue press releases and assist in any other manner which may seem beneficial to the interests of all concerned.

It must be remembered that while Kentucky is this year selling on their own home ground, where transportation will no longer offer the

Genesee Valley

Continued from Page One

elle is by Long Thorne; her name is Miss Wheeler; she had two good foals, one by Lardi and one by Coq D'Esprit, and she should make a top class hunter broodmare judged by her foals and by her own conformation and chestnut color. Just what would you do? This was the decision Maxwell Glover had to make this spring. Mr. Glover is a farmer who lives near Genesee, N. Y. and is custodian of the Jockey Club stallion *Sailor King* (by *Boatswain*—imp. *Lady Rosemary*) who won first place at the 1942 Breeders' Show. Mr. Glover has raised all those fine colts out of *Prunelle*. Last fall when he was looking around for a mare to take *Prunelle's* place Mr. Humphrey S. Finney told him of a mare, bred by Mr. R. Sterling Clark, *Mettella*, a chestnut by *Mad Hatter* out of imp. *Meridienne* and in foal to *Flares*! This mare is twelve years old and has produced six foals, three of them winners. Mr. Clark donated her to the Jockey Club Breeding Bureau and she became the property of Mr. Glover. She is a nice little mare; the kind to tempt someone interested in race horses, especially with that *Flares* foal.

Mr. Glover has two grey hunter broodmares, one a Canadian Thoroughbred mare and the other a half-bred mare *Sultana*, donated by Mr. M. Glenn Folger of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. And he decided that three mares would be all he could keep. So, when he had the opportunity to buy *Miss Wheeler* from Miss Helen Hubbard of Cazenovia, he had to decide what to do. Should he get the daughter of his good old *Prunelle* or should he dip further into the race horse angle of the game and keep *Mettella*? and of course that *Flares* foal that had been born by this time.

Well, all he had to do to find argument on *Miss Wheeler's* side was to go out and look at *Red Ransome*, the fine, big three-year-old out of *Prunelle* by *Hurryoff*. This colt was Grand Champion of the Breeders' Show last fall and Rigan McKinney made a handsome offer for him. Finally, Miss Eleanor Pease of Skaneateles, N. Y. became interested in *Mettella* and her foal and at last it was decided that Mr. Glover would get *Miss Wheeler* to carry on *Prunelle's* excellent hunter strain and *Mettella* went to Miss Pease. Mr. John Mitchell, who handles Miss Pease's horses says that he has great hopes for the *Flares* colt. To quote, "I can't say at the present time just what we will do with him. We hope

usual problem—the Eastern breeders are taking their yearlings to the market as usual. However, to you who are buyers, be assured that while you are racing at Belmont, it will pay you to run over to the Meadow Brook Club and maybe pick up a youngster that will really run and go win for you—or again, if you are so minded, there will be some there that are essentially 'chasing bred'—saw two this morning. Yet again some may not be bred to evidence the greatest speed in the world—well then—in 3 years time well-made hunters of good conformation are going to come high.

Lastly, the sales are late this year, really too late for the managements of the various breeding establishments, yet, the news from the war fronts is encouraging. This may prove a factor in helping buyers decide on buying, it may prove a blessing in disguise to all concerned.

Winners At York

Continued from Page One

mover.

The green hunter class started off the day with Messrs. Creswell and Duffy scoring 1, 2 on *Union Jack* and *Finn McCool* respectively. Helen Horst scored 3rd on *Jolly Scott* ahead of H. O. Firor's *Drama X*. Following a saddle horse class which was won by H. O. Firor's *Count of Monte Cristo*, Mr. Creswell came back to win the preliminary open jumping class with *Union Jack*. Mr. Duffy was out of it here as *Leo F. Cahill* with a post entry gained the red and Mahlon Haines on *Dangerman* the white.

Another saddle class, this time the five gaiters, gave the lepers a chance to rest before going to work in the knockdown and out class. Mr. Duffy was on the beam here and took 1st and 2nd with *Finn McCool* and *Ronnie* leaving third to *Silver Horn* and 4th the Sgt. Haeussler's *Black Flier*.

A road hack class for local mounts and won by Eddie Herr was followed by the 'Heel and Toe' horses from Tennessee. Mrs. W. M. Whitehurst won this latter class with *Kentucky Moon* and the ring was then set up for the pairs jumping class. Mahlon Haines teamed his *Dangerman* with Mr. Firor's *Drama X* to take this class with C. L. Creswell on *Union Jack* and Sgt. Haeussler on *Black Flier* behind them. The double entry of John Shank was 3rd while H. O. Firor's team of *Cherry Bounce* and *Drama X* was 4th.

The family class was interesting in that different members of one family rode the same horse at walk, trot, canter. The Duffys scored here again with *Ronny* as *Betty Mills* rode *Peppermint* to 2nd. Only two prizes were awarded.

Following another gaited class Mr. Firor took *Cherry Bounce* over the Handy Hunter course in fine style to capture the blue. This *Cherry Bounce* will be remembered as one of the horses sold at Mrs. M. E. Whitney's dispersal sale. Donald Wetzel finally got in the money here by taking 2nd and 3rd with *Fair Miss* and *My Buddy*.

The Working Hunter Sweepstakes was probably the high spot of the

he will grow to be a conformation horse, if so and he is not fast enough to be a high class race horse, I would like to make a 'chaser of him.'

What would you have done? Of course location and circumstances vary greatly, but imagine yourself a farmer in the Genesee Valley. Mr. Humphrey S. Finney once said, and I hope he won't mind being quoted, "To say that a hunter comes from the Genesee Valley is like putting the Gold Seal of approval on him." That is a reputation to live up to.

Old Cavalryman's Letter

Continued from Page Sixteen

judged as a unit—though I fully understand that you have to be able to fight on foot, to shoot the various weapons of that branch of the service and know the duties of a troop officer—yet it is upon your mount that you must place dependence in the last analysis. AND YOUR MOUNT IS WHAT YOU MAKE HIM—have patience with him—if he has certain kinks that appear to you upon his assignment to you, and you have had a chance to analyze what he needs in your first rides—then work diligently to clear them up. The cavalryman who says—"This so-an-so won't walk, jigs all the time—won't do this or won't do that"—he should keep his mouth shut and apply his horsemanship to rectifying these faults—his pride should be in remedying, not bellyaching. I feel that you know and will do these things, for your own good and your own pride in your career—I just bring them before you at a timely moment it appears to me.

Best of luck to you.

Your Dad.

Reunion In Sicily

In the New York Times, picture of General Patton and Sergeant Nathan Pruitt—years ago Sgt. Pruitt was under Grl. Patton at Riley, they had not met for ten years—the sergeant has 34 years in the service. Its a small world, the cavalrymen of the service are apt to meet most any place where there is fighting.

show as 30 entries competed for the prizes. When the smoke cleared *Finn McCool* was declared the winner ahead of Dr. J. W. Edels' *Grey Simon*. Mahlon Haines *Dangerman* was 3rd with H. O. Firor again in the 4th slot this time with *Sandrock*.

The open jumper sweepstakes proved a bit of a tragedy for Don Wetzel. Five entries had clean performances in the 1st round and so went to a jump off. After the first 4 were faulted Donald took *Fair Miss* over the course clean only to be disqualified for jumping the fences in the wrong sequence and so ran out of the money. Sgt. Haeussler's black flier took the jack pot with C. L. Creswell's *Silver Horn*, Mahlon Haines' *Dangerman* and H. O. Firor's *Drama X* strung out behind him.

A total of \$785.00 was distributed in prizes with the proceeds of the show going to the USO.

The judges were Tom McCray of Worthington, O. and Celeste McNeal Van Lennep, Joe Mulrannen as usual was ring master.

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SIGNED.....

George Washington, Horseman

By Samuel J. Henry

When complimented on his skill in the saddle, George Washington replied, "I can thank my father for that. No horse can unseat me so long as he remains on his feet." Seeing that his father passed away when George was only nine years of age the lad must have been a "natural" for the equestrian art. As military man, farmer and political philosopher, he also looks like a "natural".

The other night while browsing through the diaries of the Master of Mount Vernon, I came across numerous references to paddock affairs which, in the quaint and rather direct language of the day, can hardly fail to arouse the interest of 20th century horsemen.

Here are a few episodes culled from a mass of material:

On one occasion a horse named Jolly had "his right foreleg smashed—by means of a limb or tree falling upon him." The diary continues: "Did it up as well as I could this night." (Feb. 22, 1760). On the following day Washington wrote, "Had the Horse Slung upon Canvas and his leg fresh set—" But humanitarian efforts were unavailing for on the 25th the diary states, "The Broken Leg'd horse fell out of his Sling and by that means and struggling together hurt himself so much that I ordered him killed."

The Ardent Stallion

One fine day in May brings this: "My English horse covered the great bay mare "and the next day" the Stallion covered Ranken and afterwards, breaking out, covered the great bay mare again." Further on it is noted that "my great Chestnut folded a Horse Colt."

Then there was the horse who refused to plow: "Began plowing the field by the Garden for Lucern. Put in the great bay mare and the horse King. The latter could not be prevailed upon to plow, the other did very well but the Plows run very badly."

Mares With "Fold"

"Brought from Dogue Run Plantation 15 mares which were supposed to be with fold."

A Case Of Foundering

During Washington's tour of the South in 1791 his progress was delayed thus: "The condition of my foundered horse obliged me to remain at this place, contrary to my intention, this day also." (Columbia, S. C.)

Racing At Annapolis

The Annapolis Jockey Club was formed in 1750. The races took place on a circuit about a mile long and each evening all hands enjoyed themselves by attending a ball or

going to the theatre. Under the heading:

"Where, How or With Whom My Time is Spent" the diary reads: "Sept. 26-1773, I sent off for the Annapolis Races, Dined at Rollins' and got into Annapolis between five and six o'clock. Spent the evening and lodged at the Governor's."

Sept. 27th, "Dined at the Governor's and went to the play in the evening."

The future Commander in Chief remained in the gay Maryland capital until Oct. 2nd and then "set off on my return home. Dined at Marlborough and lodged at home, Mr. Custis coming with me." (Then Mr. Custis referred to was Jacky Custis, Washington's stepson.)

Lord Botetort's Greys

Colonel Washington, for that was his title at the time—purchased a pair of greys from Colonel Byrd paying £130 for them and giving Lord Botetort's coachman five shillings "for ye character of ye horses." (The animals had formerly belonged to his Lordship, who died in 1770. Washington seems to have had a particular liking for greys.)

Miscellaneous Entries

"Ordered the Horse Chevalier and a poor Mare to be turned into field No. 1 to get fat for selling; also two young mares to be broke in."

"Cut the young bay Stallion Colts which at first were designed for Stud Horses, the one rising three and the other two years old."

"Turned the Mares and Colts yesterday into the upper Meadows."

"The Grey Mare Slunk her fold."

"Directed that my Charlott Horses and all others, except the stud and three horses which will frequently be rid a-hunting, to be fed with Bran 1-4 and Chopped Hay 3-4."

After listing his mares in the autumn of 1785 the General adds: "of the above Mares 16 may go to Magnolia and 33 to the Jack Ass.. if he should arrive Safe and all of them be in the proper order at the Season for covering."

One also reads of references to a Brown English Hunter, 15 hands high; of Nelson and Blewskin (pensioners of the Revolution), Partner and Ajax, Chatham and a Very old English bay.

Magnolia Traded

Among the stallions who stood at Mt. Vernon was the Arabian, Magnolia, previously referred to.

Light Horse Harry Lee (father of General Robert E. Lee) offered a vast tract of land for the horse. The diary proves that the offer was accepted: "Concluded my exchange after dinner with Colonel Henry Lee of Magnolia for 5,000 acres Kentucky Land—" (The bargain for Magnolia had previously been made in the presence of "Colonel Humphreys, the two Mr. Lees, Mr. Lear and my nephew, George Augustine Washington.")

In Washington's time men went about the country with horses in droves, buying, selling and trading. On July 20-1770 the diary states "Was riding out to the Mill and met an Augusta man with Horses with whom I returned and purchased four."

Old Virginia Custom

Work on the plantations was pretty well disorganized in October 1786 by reason of a race meet.

The diary of Oct. 10: "Went up to Alexandria to see the Jockey Club purse run for, which was won by Mr. Snickers."

The following day Washington rode over his farms and noted: "found most of my people had gone to the races," and on the 12th we learn that the "Ferry people had all gone to the race"—including the Overseer.

The 22nd brings this: "Went up again today with my brother and the rest of the Gentlemen to the Races. All returned except Mr. John Bassett who got hurt in the race field—"

A Presidential Horse Deal

George Washington attended a horse show in Philadelphia conducted by John Bill Ricketts. Bare-back and fancy riding constituted the program. Two days later the then President of the United States sold a white horse named Jack to Ricketts for \$150. But sad days were ahead for John Bill Ricketts; later on his place burned down, utterly ruining him.

Royal Gift And Knight Of Malta

The owners of these high sounding names were not race horses but two Jack Asses sent respectively by the King of Spain and General LaFayette. Washington,—it appears—had expressed a desire for a high class progenitor of mules, of which America was badly in need.

Although the Spanish law forbade the export of blooded stock the King when he learned of Washington's interest sent two of the best Jacks available. One of them died on the way and the Master of Mt. Vernon named the Survivor, Royal Gift. General LaFayette sent the Knight Of Malta.

And thus, ladies and gentlemen, you have a few "horsey" incidents in the life of the greatest character of his times who declared, "No horse can unseat me, so long as he remains on his feet"—and who was so magnanimous as to admit that it was all due to his father's teaching.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Twelve

was really a religious man, and didn't in the least mean to be irreverent when he offered some communion plate to his local church and suggested it should be inscribed "From Gurry to God". It was the late Harry Selby Lowndes (at one time Billsdale M. F. H., and afterwards for many years Master of the East Kent), who once told a hunting parson who had reproved him for swearing at those who over-rode hounds: "LOOK here parson, you preach and I curse, and neither of us cares a damn!"

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The Sporting Calendar

For information of all our readers, please register your events.

Racing

MAY

22-Aug. 14-Spring and summer meeting, Detroit Racing Association Fair Grounds, Detroit, Mich. 73 days of racing.
 THE LANSING 'CAP', 3 1/2 furl., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., July 31 \$7,500
 THE FRONTIER 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds and up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$10,000
 THE GODOLPHIN 'CAP', 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr. olds and up, Sat., Aug. 14 \$7,500

JUNE

21-Sept. 6-Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc. & Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., at Homewood, Ill. 67 days.

STAKES

ARLINGTON 'CAP', 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., July 31 \$50,000 Added
 FLOSSMOOR 'CAP', (turf) 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 4 \$2,000 Added
 PRINCESS FAT STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Thurs., Aug. 5 \$5,000 Added
 CHICAGO 'CAP', 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$10,000 Added
 DICK WELLES 'CAP', 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Aug. 11 \$5,000 Added
 MODESTY 'CAP', 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Thurs., Aug. 12 \$5,000 Added
 SHERIDAN 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 14 \$10,000 Added
 WASHINGTON PARK JUVENILE STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., Aug. 18 \$5,000 Added
 GREAT WESTERN CLAIMING 'CAP', 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Thurs., Aug. 19 \$5,000 Added
 BEVERLY 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Aug. 21 \$5,000 Added
 MEADOWLAND 'CAP', (turf) 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 25 \$7,500 Added
 PRAIRIE STATE CLAIMING STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Thurs., Aug. 26 \$5,000 Added
 AMERICAN DERBY, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 28 \$50,000 Added
 DREXEL 'CAP', 1 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 1 \$5,000 Added
 HOMEWOOD HIGHWEIGHT 'CAP', 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, Thurs., Sept. 2 \$5,000 Added
 WASHINGTON PARK FUTURITY, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Sept. 4 \$20,000 Added
 WASHINGTON 'CAP', 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sept. 6 \$50,000 Added

JULY

7-Sept. 11-Garden State Racing Ass'n., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted, 50 days.
 WILLIAM PENN STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., July 31 \$5,000 Added
 VALLEY FORGE 'CAP', 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$5,000 Added
 COLONIAL 'CAP', 6 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Aug. 14 \$5,000 Added
 JERSEY 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 21 \$10,000 Added
 TRENTON 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 28 \$10,000 Added
 PRINCETON 'CAP', 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Sept. 4 \$5,000 Added
 WALT WHITMAN STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Mon, Sept. 6 \$5,000 Added
 VINELAND 'CAP', 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Sept. 11 \$10,000 Added

26-Aug. 28-Saratoga Association, to be held at Belmont Park, Elmont, L. I., N. Y.

SARATOGA STAKES

THE TEST, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Fri., July 30 \$5,000 Added
 WILSON STAKES, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., July 31 \$10,000 Added
 SARATOGA SALES STAKES, 6 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Tues., Aug. 3 \$5,000 Added
 SCHUYLERVILLE, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, fillies, Fri., Aug. 6 \$5,000 Added
 SARATOGA SPECIAL, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 7 \$5,000 Added
 SARATOGA SPECIAL
 MERCHANTS' & CITIZENS' 'CAP', 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$15,000 Added
 WHITNEY STAKES, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Tues., Aug. 10 \$10,000 Added
 SANFORD, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Fri., Aug. 13 \$5,000 Added
 ALBANY 'CAP', 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Tues., Aug. 17 \$5,000 Added
 SARATOGA 'CAP', 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 21 \$20,000 Added
 ADIRONDACK 'CAP', 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Aug. 24 \$5,000 Added
 DIANA 'CAP', 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Wed., Aug. 25 \$5,000 Added
 SARATOGA CUP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 28 \$25,000 Added

31-Aug. 21-Ascot Park, Akron, Ohio.

31-Aug. 7-Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

AUGUST

CALIENTE STAKES
 CALIENTE DERBY STAKES, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sun., Aug. 1 \$2,500 Added
 INTERNATIONAL 'CAP', 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sun., Aug. 15 \$1,500
 LABOR DAY STAKES, 1 1/2 ml., all ages, Sun., Sept. 5 \$2,500 Added
 CALIENTE JUVENILE STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sun., Sept. 12 \$2,000 Added

2-Sept. 6-Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.

7-Sept. 6-Dade Park Jockey Club, Inc., Henderson, Ky. 26 days.

8-Sept. 25-Narragansett Racing Association, Inc., Pawtucket, R. I. 43 days.

21-Sept. 6-Stamford Park, Belleville Driving & Athletic Ass'n., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada. 14 days.

26-Oct. 8-Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 32 days.

30-Sept. 18-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

SEPTEMBER

7-Oct. 16-Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 39 days.

20-Oct. 9-Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.

25-Oct. 2-Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

11-18-Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

2-for 55 days-Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

6-13-Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

11-20-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.

16-23-Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

18-30-Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.

21-Nov. 3-Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

Racing in Mexico City will start in November and run to March. Dates will be published.

Horse Shows

JULY

31-Castle Park Junior Horsemanship, Castle Park, Mich.

AUGUST

1-Barberton, Ohio.

7-Colorado Springs Horse and Colt Show, Colorado Springs, Col.

7-14-Colorado Springs, Colo.

21-Long Green Carnival, Long Green, Md.

22-Allentown, Pa.

28-Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.

SEPTEMBER

1-Annual Castle Park Amateur Horse Show, Castle Park, Mich.

2-Nazareth, Pa.

6-Johnson City Horse Show, Johnson City, Tenn.

6-Altoona, Pa.

6-St. Margaret's Church, Annapolis, Md.

12-Brooksville, L. I., N. Y.

18-Pikesville Kiwanis Club, Pikesville, Md.

16-18-Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.

18-19-Charlottesville, Va.

OCTOBER

8-10-West Orange, N. J.

10-Chevy Chase, Md.

NOVEMBER

3-10 or 6-National Horse Show, New York. (Tentative).

Yearling Sales

AUGUST

CALIFORNIA BREEDERS

1-10-Definite date to be announced. Also exact location. California Breeders' Association.

KEENELAND

9-11-Sale of yearlings will be at Keeneland, Ky.

Afternoon 9th, Monday

Horace N. Davis
 Tolle Young
 E. K. Thomas
 D. E. Hopton
 L. A. Moseley
 Mrs. John M. Branham
 Mrs. R. H. Anderson
 Mrs. Clyde Smith
 M. C. & C. G. Boyd
 Miss Mildred Woolwine
 Frank Spencer
 Dr. F. P. Bryan
 W. G. Sudduth

Evening 9th, Monday

Almahurst Farm (H. H. Knight)
 Greenwich Stud (W. B. Miller)
 Lucas B. Combs
 Leslie Combs, 2nd
 Dr. Chas. E. Hagyard
 W. Lee Nutter
 Horatio Mason
 Hartland Farm
 Estate J. O. Keene

Afternoon 10th, Tuesday

R. A. Fairbairn
 Marshall Field
 Charlton Clay
 W. S. Threlkeld
 Warner L. Jones
 Charles Nuckols
 E. D. Axton
 J. B. Hurst
 L. F. Holton
 Dr. G. H. Knapp
 Grant Dorland
 F. E. Johnstone

Evening 10th, Tuesday

Claiborne and Ellerslie Stud
 (A. B. Hancock)

Afternoon 11th, Wednesday

Mereworth Farm (W. J. Salmon)

Evening 11th, Wednesday

Thomas Platt
 T. C. Platt
 Military Stock Farm
 Dr. Edie Asbury
 Chas. A. Asbury

SEPTEMBER

MEADOW BROOK

21-22-Sale of yearlings at Meadow Brook, L. I.

Steeplechasing

JULY

26-Aug. 26-Saratoga Association at Belmont Park, Elmont, N. Y.

THE SHILLELAGH 'CHASE', abt. 2 miles, Aug. 4 \$3,000 Added

THE NORTH AMERICAN 'CHASE 'CAP', abt. 2 miles, Aug. 11 \$3,000 Added

THE BEVERWICK 'CHASE 'CAP', abt. 2 miles, Aug. 18 \$3,000 Added

THE SARATOGA 'CHASE 'CAP', abt. 3 1/4 miles, Aug. 25 \$5,000 Added

AUGUST

30-Sept. 18-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

HARBOR HILL 'CHASE 'CAP', abt. 3 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 1 \$5,000 Added

BUSHWICK HURDLE 'CAP', abt. 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 8 \$3,500 Added

GLENDAL 'CHASE 'CAP', abt. 3 1/4 ml., 4 & up, Wed., Sept. 15 \$7,500 Added

Learn About Horses

Continued from Page Two

Oh I've ridden my mounts as I found them,
 There's some that I'm glad that have passed
 To that mythical range of spoilt horses,
 On whom no reflections are cast;
 But the good ones I like to remember
 As perfection we're trying to see
 So be warned by my lot
 Which I know you will not
 And learn about horses from me.

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Bulletin Board

YEARLING SALES—

In this issue we are commencing to tell you of the yearlings to be sold both in Kentucky and at Meadow Brook. Each week, till the sales, we will offer information for you, it will be of value to those who are thinking of buying.

THE HORSE IN WAR—

In most issues at this time we are presenting pictures of animals that are actually owned by the Army. They will furnish you with information as to the sort of animal they use. Their need is imminent.

HUNT ROSTER—

The Hunt Roster will appear in The Chronicle tentatively of the October 8th issue. The usual detailed and firsthand information will be given as in past years.

If you haven't gotten around to buying a Second War Loan Bond, stop and think what it would mean to you if our soldiers hadn't gotten round to the fight.

In The Country:-



Warrenton Show To Go

The Warrenton horse people have worked hard in cooperation with the pony contingent and there will definitely be a show. By combining both horse and pony shows, there will be a working set-up that is quite feasible.

Monday the 6th of September has been chosen as the date and the more complete arrangements for the affair will be available shortly. Meanwhile it is good to know that this annual feature of the hunting country of Virginia is possible.

Rokeby's Claim

Montpellier's Caddie, 5-year-old gelding by Link Boy—Brown Jill, by Jackdaw, won a 4 & up claiming 'chase at Detroit and in his first outing at the current Saratoga meeting, was claimed by Rokeby Stables.

"V" Fund Contributions

At the end of the first week, the three weeks' racing for war relief, at Suffolk Downs netted approximately \$180,000. With two more weeks to go, the meeting hopes to top the half-million mark. . . . With a \$300,000 goal, Detroit apparently will pass the \$100,000 mark when its current meeting ends. During the extension from August 16 to September 11, the officials expect to raise the additional \$200,000.

Closing Date

August 9 is the closing date for Aqueduct's steeplechase and hurdle races which will be run during the meeting from August 30 to September 18. Entry blanks for the events may be obtained from the secretary's office.

Bear Hunting

Competing with the stories of jackal, foxes, hare, etc., of the hunting folks in service overseas is the story of Middleburg's bear hunt. The bear was reported in the vicinity sev-

eral days ago and the local hunters took up guns of all descriptions and set forth. About all that was discovered were some tracks through a corn field. However, the hunt hasn't been given up and this week when a report came from Mountville that the bear had almost killed a dog, everyone from the State Troopers to stable grooms again went out. One groom stopped by The Chronicle office and said that part of Middleburg's pack were going out and he was just wondering if they would settle for a fox later on if they caught up with the bear. All plans were discontinued when it was learned that the story from Mountville was just a joke. . . . So, the hunt goes on.

Murdo Morrison Moves North

The good writer of "Men and Ponies" is now located near Stamford, Connecticut. His past experiences in the world of promotion through the horse, principally polo, would make a book. He has promised to keep sending in articles for us, and we are indeed glad of it.

Broken Collar Bone

Opening day at Saratoga resulted in a winner for Rokeby Stables when Bank Note won the Weldship Steeplechase. One of the most familiar 'chasers, imp. Frederic II, came a cropper at the 8th jump and Jockey J. S. Harrison suffered a broken collar bone.

Horse And Hound Of England

We have received word that the English "Horse and Hound" has been bought by Sporting Life and that A. B. Clements will be the editor. As E. E. Coussell, of the British Livestock Agency is to be connected with Clements, it is certain that the paper with which we have been so long familiar will continue to keep its authentic information on racing and Thoroughbred topics as heretofore.

Horsemen Meet

At Middleburg on Monday last, there was a meeting to get things moving for the sales of yearlings at Meadow Brook, September 21 and 22. D. N. Rust, Alex Mackay Smith, Courtland Smith, Hubert Phipps, Dan Cox and Don Henderson went into a huddle and the outcome was a joining of the forces of the Maryland Breeders Association with the Virginia Horsemen's Association. This should materially benefit the handling of the various offerings at the sales and their presale notices.

A Good Mare To Riley

Word comes that Marlene, has just been shipped to Fort Riley. In 1939 she won the \$1,000 stake at Piping Rock. She was a well known show mare round New York. She was shipped by Henry Yozell, whose son is at Riley as a 1st. Lieut. of the CRTC S-2 section.

Crispin Oglebay's Investment

Boy Knight the top priced yearling last year at the sales, stepped out and won the Wakefield Stakes at Jamaica—it is interesting to wonder if maybe the Cleveland sportsman may be tempted to try to add the chestnut son of the same mare, Heloise to his string this year—word comes that he is most worthy—he is the son of Stimulus—and very easy on the eye it is said.

Steeplechasing

Continued from Page Five

water and liverpool jumps in front of the stands. It again cuts to the inside of the steeplechase course on the clubhouse turn. The hurdle just after the horses cross the Widener Chute is removable, and will be taken down after each race. The hurdle directly alongside the liverpool will have wings that pivot, and these will be swung back so as to permit plenty of room for pulling up after a race.

Summaries

Monday, July 26

The Weldship Steeplechase, abt. 2 mi., 4 & up, allow. Purse, \$1,500; net value to winner, \$1,000; 2nd: \$275; 3rd: \$150; 4th: \$75. Winner: Rokeby Stable's ch. g. (6) by Mayne—Hannah Lee, by Leonardo II. Trainer: J. T. Skinner. Time: 3:50 2-5.

1. Bank Note, 156, E. Roberts.
2. Royal Archer, 141, T. Merriweather.
3. Winged Hoofs, 154, N. Brown.
Seven started; also ran (order of finish): Mrs. J. B. Balding's Kennebunk, 144, G. Walker; fell: Montpeller's Bavarian, 152, W. Owen (12); lost rider: Mrs. E. duP. Weir's *Free State II, 154, S. Riles (11); fell: I. Bieber's *Frederic II, 154, J. S. Harrison (8). Won ridden out by 3; place driving by 20; show same by 12. 12 jumps. Scratched: Picture Prince, Yankee Chance.

Tuesday, July 27

4 & up Steeplechase, abt. 2 mi., cl. Purse, \$1,500; net value to winner, \$1,000; 2nd: \$275; 3rd: \$150; 4th: \$75. Winner: R. V. Gambrell's

ch. g. (8) by Messenger—Silver Lure, by imp. The Satrap. Trainer: R. G. Woolfe. Time: 3:55.
1. Parma, 132, D. Marzani.
2. Caddie, 150, W. Owen.
3. Cupid, 150, G. Walker.

Seven started; also ran (order of finish): G. H. Bostwick's Simoon, 145, J. Smiley; I. Bieber's Epinda, 147, W. Leonard; lost rider: Don Stable's *L'Odeon, 137, L. Newton (7); fell: Brookmeade Stable's National Anthem, 153, H. Cruz (6). Won driving by ¾; place driving by 1½; show same by 8. 12 jumps. Scratched: *Rougemont.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page Eleven

Boojum, John P. Grier, Whisk Broom and Broomstick, to Ben Brush.

Incidentally Bourmont, 2nd in the Classic, is from the same male line being by Rosemont, he by The Porter, son of Sweep, by Ben Brush.

Occupation ended in 7th place and confirmed the previous impression that, like the other imp. Bull Dog, he is no router.

Askmenow was so full of run that Bierman could not keep her back in the early stages, she was fighting for her head all the way through the first 6 furlongs and this left her nothing to finish with.



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